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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1958.

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RELAX IN
DAKS
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Confidence

THE further lowering of the Bank Rate reflects the British Government's confidence in the country's improved economic position in the first five months of this year. The widespread clamour for a reduction in the rate prior to the first March cut of one per cent appears to have given way to a sensible acceptance of the need for a more gradual and cautious approach.

Thursday's reduction brings the Bank rate nearer to last September's level of five per cent from which it was raised suddenly by two per cent. The gold and dollar reserves have benefited considerably from the higher rates and despite the American recession the inflow of dollars has not since been checked.

But the healthier appearance of the gold reserves is only one pointer to the country's improved economic position. Mr Macmillan has said that both investment and production is high and this has obviously led to the decision that the high borrowing rates can be further relaxed to give momentum to these heartening trends.

Wage Disputes

IT may be argued that a greater reduction would have done more to encourage the economy but Mr Macmillan is not anxious to force the pace until he is certain there will be no major setback in the next few months. There are already a number of outstanding wage disputes and caution would therefore seem to be justified.

"What we are aiming at now is a short pause before we take on the forward march again," the Premier has said. This seems to fore-shadow new moves to free the economy in the latter part of this year. Mr Macmillan is undoubtedly conscious of the drag effect of a high Bank rate on the budget, the balance of payments and funding policy, and if the summer passes without serious disruptions there will then be an opportunity for more resolute action.

Hongkong businessmen welcome the news from Britain—the effect here is that Banks are able to reduce interest rates and the hope is that this trend will continue as conditions permit.

MAN DIES AFTER CHOPPER ATTACK

A 25-year-old Chinese carpenter died last night following a chopper attack in West Point.

The carpenter, Leung Wan-biu was attacked at a shop at 62 Catchick Street, ground floor. The attack took place at about 8 p.m. Police were called to the scene and the injured man was rushed to hospital. He died at 9.35 p.m.

A man was detained for questioning and will appear in court this morning.

Mystery Submarine Now 'Sunk'

Buenos Aires, May 23. The Buenos Aires broadcasting station "Radio Splendid Excelsior" this afternoon claimed that Argentine warships went into action against an unidentified submarine in Argentine waters again this morning and finally sank it.

There has so far been no official confirmation of this report. According to the broadcasting station the submarine was Russian.

It quoted no source for the statement but announcers privately stated that the report came from the Naval Base at Puerto Madryn.

Local news agencies contacted the commander of the base, Captain Machavello and coastal police headquarters but failed to secure clarification. Questioned on this report, the Soviet Military Attaché, Captain Nikolai Khlebnikov, burst into laughter and said: "Sheer nonsense"—Reuter.

12 Children Die In Blaze

Vancouver, May 23. Twelve children including 11 babies, have perished yesterday in a blaze which has destroyed the school and hospital of a remote Indian community some 220 miles northeast of Vancouver.

The tragedy occurred following two explosions which set off the fire at the Anahim Reserve—65 miles west of Williams Lake.—United Press.

CARRIER WAS IN COLLISION

More Details Of Court Martial

By A China Mail Reporter

The Royal Navy today released further details about the Court Martial held in Hongkong earlier this week which found Lieutenant Cope and Captain Gick of HMS Bulwark guilty.

Lieutenant Cope pleaded guilty to charges of hazarding his ship and negligent performance of duty and Captain Gick was found guilty of suffering his ship to be hazarded.

Both men were sentenced to be reprimanded.

Minor Damage
The Royal Navy revealed today that the charges arose over a collision between HMS Bulwark and an Egyptian Merchant Ship in the Red Sea on April 14 this year as the aircraft carrier was en route to Far Eastern waters.

The collision occurred at 3 a.m. Both ships suffered only minor damage and both were able to continue their voyage.

The Royal Navy revealed this morning that Lieutenant Cope was the officer on watch at the time.

MACMILLAN TELLS U.S. ABOUT CHINA RECOGNITION

New York, May 23.

The British Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, said British recognition of China made it convenient for the two governments to converse with each other, but he saw no other definite advantages or disadvantages for his country.

The recognition question came up during a filmed television interview.

One of the interviewers, Edward R. Murrow, asked: "What convenience has Britain acquired as a result of recognising China?"

Mr Macmillan replied: "I don't know of any more or less than the recognition of any other Communist state. I think, on the whole, it's a convenience for us to be able to converse with each other, but I don't see any other definite advantages or disadvantages for my country."

Exaggerating
"But to think that it is either any great advantage or disadvantage, I think would be exaggerating. It reminds me of what the (Scottish) Highlander said about water—it will do you no good but it will do you no harm!"

Mr Macmillan also said German reunification was a question which defied immediate solution.

**HONGKONG
HOUSE
OPENING
NEXT
SATURDAY**

London, May 23. Students from Hongkong will have a new residential centre and social club in London by the end of this month.

The building, to be named Hongkong House, will have accommodation for 80 men and women students.

Its social club facilities include billiards, table tennis, library, television, photographic darkroom, piano and radio-gramophone.

European and Chinese food will be served in its 100-seat restaurant.

The building, near Lancaster Gate, was acquired by the Hongkong Government a year ago.

It has been entirely redecorated and adapted and will be formally opened on May 31.—Reuter.

School Closes
Beirut, May 23. The American Community School closed its doors tonight after it had been threatened with "extinction" by Lebanese terrorists.—United Press.

"Some beginning of controlled disarmament is the most hopeful result to be expected from a summit meeting," he said.

Mr Macmillan said he thought a hopeful result of a summit conference would be agreement to ban atomic tests and the control of nuclear weapons.

Hopeful
Other hopeful results would be the beginning of a whole new inspection and control system in Europe and some control of conventional weapons.

Asked how the West could further a long-range process of change in the general Soviet attitude, Mr Macmillan replied: "By remaining quite firm but always fair, never lowering our guard, but always prepared to do a deal; talking, a little less and doing a little more."

Earlier in the half-hour interview, Mr Macmillan said of a possible summit meeting: "You won't get agreement on the great basic issues. You are not going suddenly to find that Communism and the free system make an agreement together—that's not possible."

"I think we ought to talk about the great issues. That's why I think they should be raised, but I think we ought to try and do some measure of agreement, however small, to make an advance towards gradually unwinding."

Secular Problems
Mr Macmillan said he did not expect that five or six men in four days could "settle all the great secular problems of this immense argument between two absolutely different ways of living."

Asked if he believed it true, as some people said, that Britain was in a decline, Mr Macmillan said: "... Put it this way, from the point of view of the New World, what hopes would you have of the old world if Britain collapsed?"

"That would be the end really."

He was then asked "then you have the feeling also that this country should, in no way, play a secondary role to the United States?"

The prime minister replied: "Oh, no, we're partners—not satellites, and I imagine that that is what the United States would wish."

Good Life
Mr Macmillan concluded by saying "people who are free in the Western world are living a pretty good life..."

"We've had in this century two frightful wars which might well have destroyed altogether the civilisation we've built."

"We've clung on to it, we're building it up and I believe that if we have courage and faith we can make it something better than we've ever done before."

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Gallant Knight
Empire Rose
Marianne
Outsider:—Tongber.

RACE 2

Pretender
Constellation
Outsider:—Splendid.

RACE 3

Fel Chi
Diamond Lil
Orange King
Outsider:—Singapore.

RACE 4

How Do I Know
Mademoiselle
Gambetta
Outsider:—Yin Chi.

RACE 5

Norse Prince
Glenisla
Sydney
Outsider:—Dainty.

RACE 6

Wing Hang
Sincerely Yours
Victoria Peak
Outsider:—Newington.

RACE 7

Sportsmanship
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Long Cue.

RACE 8

Vigorous Ava
Kerrera
Litch Courage
Outsider:—Bayshore.

RACE 9

Jemima P.
Chatterbox
Cheerful
Outsider:—Knock-down.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Gallant Knight
Marianne
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Supermaster.

RACE 2

Pretender
Splendid
Cesar
Outsider:—Crackerjack.

RACE 3

Fel Chi
Diamond Lil
King Rider
Outsider:—Singapore.

RACE 4

Gambetta
Bengal Lancer
How Do I Know
Outsider:—Yin Chi.

RACE 5

Glenisla
Norse Prince
Courageous
Outsider:—Sea Tigers.

RACE 6

Newington
Victoria Peak
Wing Hang
Outsider:—Isafhan.

RACE 7

Sportsmanship
Long Cue
L'are Triomphe
Outsider:—Beautiful Lie.

RACE 8

Vigorous Ava
Orange Beauty
Kerrera
Outsider:—Forward View.

RACE 9

Jemima P.
Old Tyro
Gabriel Jinks
Outsider:—Eudora.

The Turf's Progressive Places
Race 3—Fel Chi; Race 5—Glenisla; Race 6—Newington.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 5

Th: one could be a hamlet and we don't mean village.

Our Teaser Tip for last meeting

"Fortunes are won and lost on a this" (Spinning Wheel) came first and paid \$20.20 for a win and \$7 for a place.

U.K. DOCK WORKERS END STRIKE

London, May 23.

London's week-old dock strike ended tonight as a stormy mass meeting which almost ended in a dockland brawl.

More than 10,000 dockers supported the official strike—which started out in support of the Smithfield meat market strike—killing more than 60 ships in the Port of London.

Fights broke out all over an East London public hall tonight after union leaders urged the men to return to work.

But the men agreed to return to work after the union leaders told them the employers had agreed to withdraw "blackleg" labour from the docks.—United Press.

Riot Police Called Out In Paris

Paris, May 23.

Steel-helmeted riot police tonight broke up demonstrations along the Champs Elysees by several hundred youths shouting "Long live De Gaulle," "French Algeria," and "The Police are with us."

About 100 youths were arrested. More than 125 truckloads of Police lined the Champs Elysees sunset following distribution of leaflets by the "Action Committee of the National Association of Ex-Servicemen" calling on Frenchmen to demonstrate in favour of Gaulle "sole national arbiter wanted by the sovereign people."

Order was soon restored.

Premier Warns

Earlier the Premier, M. Pinon warned France tonight it would face "grave dangers" if Parliament failed to adopt his sweeping Constitutional reforms by the end of next week.

In a nation-wide television and radio broadcast the Premier announced he would stake the life of his precariously-balance government in a confidence vote on adoption of the measures.

M. Pinon said the reforms must be adopted "in the very next few days," if the Republican system is to be strengthened "in legal ways."

He said the reform was aimed against both the extreme right and the extreme left.—Agencies.

The NEW S&C
'ELEGANT' EIGHT
Refrigerator

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

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AIR-INDIA International

IN SUPER CONSTELLATION COMFORT

PARIS. It's Art with a capital A. In Paris, Mr. Air India, you're bound to be NAUGHTY in Europe!

ROME. When you throw your coin in the fountain, Mr. Air India, remember, you're bound to go NAUGHTY.

DUSSELDORF. Remember your Science, Professor! Forget it, we're very much. Take a reliever, Düsseldorf!

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original gin sling**

**PIMM'S
No. 1
CUP**

The most heavenly
drink on earth

AGENTS: CALDBECKS

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

From Francoise Sagan's Sensational Best-seller

DEBORAH KERR. DAVID NIVEN
JEAN SEBERG MYLENE DEMONGEOT



BONJOUR TRISTESSE

GEORGEY HORNIE JULIETTE GRECO WALTER CHIARI

with MANITA MONT, ROLAND CLAYTON, JEAN KENT, DAVID DILEY, ELGA ANDERSEN, SCREENPLAY BY ARTHUR LAURENTE, BASED ON THE NOVEL BY FRANCOISE SAGAN, MUSIC BY GEORGES AURIC, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY OTTO PREMINGER. CINEMASCOPE. TECHNICOLOR. RELEASED BY COLUMBIA PICTURES

in CINEMASCOPE & TECHNICOLOR

Added Attraction: "HOLIDAY IN ROME"
A Cinemascope Musical Travelogue in Technicolor.

KING'S

SPECIAL
HOLIDAY MATINEES

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. 20th Century-Fox
TERRYTOON TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

Monday, May 26, at 12.15 p.m.
EXTRA MORNING SHOW
"BONJOUR TRISTESSE"

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEES
SUNDAY & MONDAY

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M presents
"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. M-G-M presents
Stewart Granger • Ava Gardner • Bill Travers in
"BHOWANI JUNCTION"
in Color & Cinemascope

Free BUBBLE UP drinks for both shows

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00, 70 Cts.

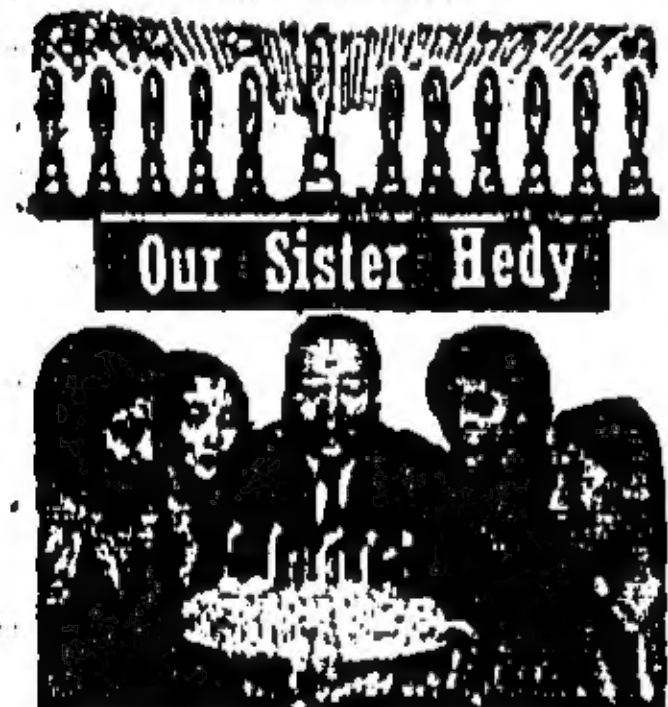
Monday, May 26, at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox
Clifton Webb • Dorothy McGuire • Jean Peters in
"THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN"
in Cinemascope and Technicolor

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00, 70 Cts.

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

WINNER OF THE BEST PICTURE
AWARD AND 11 SPECIAL
AWARDS IN 5TH ARIAN
FILM FESTIVAL



with English Sub-titles
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
GLENN FORD in
"JUDAS"
in Technicolor

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

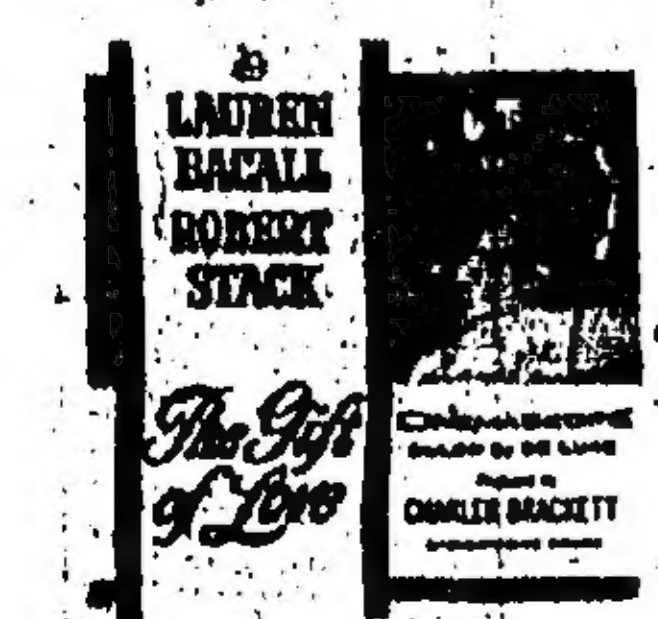


NEXT CHANGE
JEFF MORROW
MARA CORDAY in
"THE GIANT CLAW"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The miracle of it is that you'll
smile all the time when you
want to cry!



Monday Show To-morrow 12.30
"THE SNOWS OF
KILIMANJARO"

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Morning Show To-morrow
At 12.30 p.m.
"OUTCRY"

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

BUSINESS has been rather dull in the cinema world this past week with the exception of Roxy and Broadway where "The Young Lions" is playing to excellent business at both houses.

Talking over the cinema taste of Hongkong with an exhibitor, we agreed that trying to forecast a film's success here is about the most risky business possible. Usually, no matter how good a film is, if it contains a deep plot which explores the intangible motives of the mind, it does not go down here. An example was "The Three Faces of Eve," which was hailed everywhere as an exceptionally good film, apart from the fine academy winning performance of Joanne Woodward.

"Sayonara" which made a mid-week return is a case where the film was taken off too soon. It played to excellent business, and for the life of me I cannot understand why it was taken off so soon during its first run. It is not my place to attempt to teach exhibitors their business, but I feel they dropped thousands of dollars by not cashing in on the picture's best publicity obtained during its run. It is, personal recommendation, I should imagine more business is achieved that way than any other.

★ ★ ★
AS I have not read Francoise Sagan's novel, and as I have no intention of reading it, I am unable to say how the film "Bonjour Tristesse" now showing at the King's and Princess, compares with the prose version.

But the main theme, the cause of it all taking place, is very similar to Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender is the Night." The latter has licked every Hollywood script writer, but the less subtle prose of Miss Sagan has, I take it, easily been moulded into a film by Director Otto Preminger.

Obviously, when a novel sells over three million copies, the film people have got to sit up and take notice. The question is then, what's all the fuss about?

Well, in these days, teen-agers trend where adults fear to put a pen, and Cecile, a spunky young teen-ager, has a feminine version of the father fixation.

Now my unsuitable mind sees nothing wrong about this, because it seems to me that most teen-agers get frustrated at some time and the normal and healthy variety grow out of them.

But Miss Sagan is not interested in the normal type, and her Cecile is an unhealthy little introvert, and so the film is on its way down the hemlock path to decadent romance, with a little seduction, and an almost naive sequence of "love 'em and leave 'em" thrown in for good measure.

★ ★ ★
As we have come to expect in these films, we capture all the scenic delights of a Riviera holiday. The glaring sun under which the rich leisured crowd bask in weary pleasure. The Mediterranean, the open-air cafes, the luxury yachts lying out at sea; the casino, and the garish night life all bring on

atmosphere of enclaved gaiety which left me, at any rate, without envy.

The music I found extremely suitable to the film, easy-going stuff, easy to listen to, with just that touch of nostalgia the film requires. Obviously, with such a cast, you are bound to get some good acting. Jean Seberg, as Cecile, plays the role of the unhealthy minded teenager. It would be untrue to say I have never met the type, they do crop up every now and again in a family where there is too much money, and the parents are too busy being immoral to take time off to guard the morals of their offspring.

What the actress lacking such a part has to do is to dig down into the subconscious of a teenager who knows far too much, and develop the part of a too experienced mind tumbling round in an inexperienced body.

All this was simple until Sigmund Freud came on the scene. I think teachers and parents would have dismissed the situation with: "She knows far too much for her age."

★ ★ ★
But with Freud on the spot, we have to search for fixations, repressed desires, phallic symbols, and all the rest of an analyst's nightmare, until you begin to be afraid that the mother in which you eat ice-cream might betray you as a sex maniac.

Well, I think all this is a bit too much for Jean Seberg. David Niven as the casual socialist, and incidentally the object of Cecile's fixation, is, as you can guess, right in the centre of the target. If you searched everywhere, you would not find a more suited actor to his natural debonaire manner.

Deborah Kerr has her moments, especially in one scene where she finds she has listened to the old story once too often. (Sigh no more, ladies). Made in Technicolor and Cinemascope, this British film by Columbia follows their success with the "Bridge on the River Kwai." It is a sentimental film of a gay world seen through the eyes of a child of seventeen, who is far too complex and thoroughly mixed up to live. If you want my personal opinion, I am almost morbidly interested in the theme, as it represents a form of decadent art, which in its supreme moments is given the classification of "The Romantic Agony." As an art form, it has attracted the greatest artists, and I am sure that the more sophisticated of Hongkong's cinema patrons will enjoy the film.

In England it was given an X Certificate. If I had my way, that would be carried out here, for I do not think young and immature minds should be allowed to gloat over this film.

★ ★ ★
"BOOTS, saddle, to horse, and away..." to the Hoover and Liberty. The latest trigger-happy, fast-shooting, swift tempered, quick-on-the-draw, MGM Cinemascope and colour outdoor action-drama, stars Robert Taylor as an early-day rancher, and Julie London as a dance-hall girl with whom he becomes romantically involved in "Saddle the Wind."

This film is different. I know it is said of all Westerns, but here the situation is really different. It has all the beautiful scenic beauty of the Colorado Rockies; the quick draw; the fist fight; the hunt for the trigger-happy killer in the end; but nevertheless, the motives are more mature, and I should imagine, more authentic, for normally men do not kill unless they are insane and have a killer lust.

To say in what way this film is different would be to reveal the plot; all I can say is, the play is there, but the reasons for the play are true to life. More than that, the usual fairy-tale end which survives in the Western, is missing. There is no happy ending to a killing unless he who is killed is unrelated, and a man universally hated for his dangerous qualities.

Well, this is it, Western fans. And with Robert Taylor in the lead, you get a good standard for the cast who support him. A surprisingly good Western, with John Cassavetes supplying the quick tempered, vulcanic brother of Robert Taylor.

★ ★ ★
"ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends," and this time with "Darby's Rangers," the American version of the British Commandos.

To see this hell-busting, devil-may-care, bring 'em back dead, epic of World War II, you will have to go along to the Lee

and Astor, preferably with ear plugs and soothing tablets.

As a matter of fact, Colonel Darby was one of the finest combat officers of all the Allied Armies, and a man who so gloried in combat that he persistently refused promotion that would have taken him away from the picked force of men whom he trained and led into battle.

He was the idol of his men, and when you come to think about it, out of a force of some 1,500, only two hundred survived the certain death objectives they stormed.

As a film, it has quite a homely touch in that romance enters via war time England, with the "Mrs Miniver" angle of a classless war time society.

The storming scenes are very well done, as are the after the battle scenes when the gallant warrior enters into the sex combat where he is invariably beaten.

James Garner as Colonel Darby (he begins as Major) puts up a good show, as does Jack Warden as Master Sergeant Saul Rosen.

Nice feminine touches come from Eileika Choureaux—"If you weren't a baby, you'd know a working girl from a girl on the streets."

And good girl Joan Ellen—"Even if there's another girl, she can't love you the way I do."

There you have it; a battle film with real soldiers; as ready to fight in the boudoir as they are on the beaches.

Lee & Astor

72436 (Booking Office) 67777

SHOWING TO-DAY
SPECIAL TIMES: 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE
AT 12.00 Noon
Columbia Presents
3 STOOGES COMEDIES
AND
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS!

At Reduced Prices!

ASTOR THEATRE
AT 11.00 a.m.
3 STOOGES COMEDIES & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m.
"VANISHING PRAIRIE"

At Reduced Prices!

Majestic

Restaurant & Night Club

DOUBLE-ATTRACTION
Proudly presents
SHIRLEY EVANS

Dynamic & Curvaceous

Accordioniste

Direct from England

Introducing
SENORITA PILITA CORRALES
"ELEGANTE ESPANOLA"

Featuring
La Danza De Castanulas
Pasodoble
Radio & TV Star

In her rendition of popular Song Hits

Phones: 75779, 772066, 772067
299 King's Road, North Point

SHOWING QUEENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW: 5 SHOWS

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.



JAMES MASON • AVA GARDNER

"PANDORA and the Flying Dutchman"

Colour by TECHNICOLOR

ENTIRELY NEW PRINT

STAR METROPOLE

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



GRAND-OPENING TO-MORROW



FLOOD TIDE

GEORGE NADER • CORNELIA BORCHERS and MICHEL RAY

— JUDSON PRATT • JOANNA MOORE • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. "ON THE RIVIERA"

Starring: DANNY KAYE • GENE TIERNEY
A Fox Picture in Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: Special Morning Show on Mon., 26th May
At 12.30 p.m. "THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO"

Starring: GREGORY PECK • SUSAN HAYWARD
A Fox Picture in Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEES AT REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 Noon LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

Doris Day
Barry Sullivan in
"JULIE"

Louis Hayward
Veronica Hurst in
"THE ROYAL AFRICAN RIFLES"

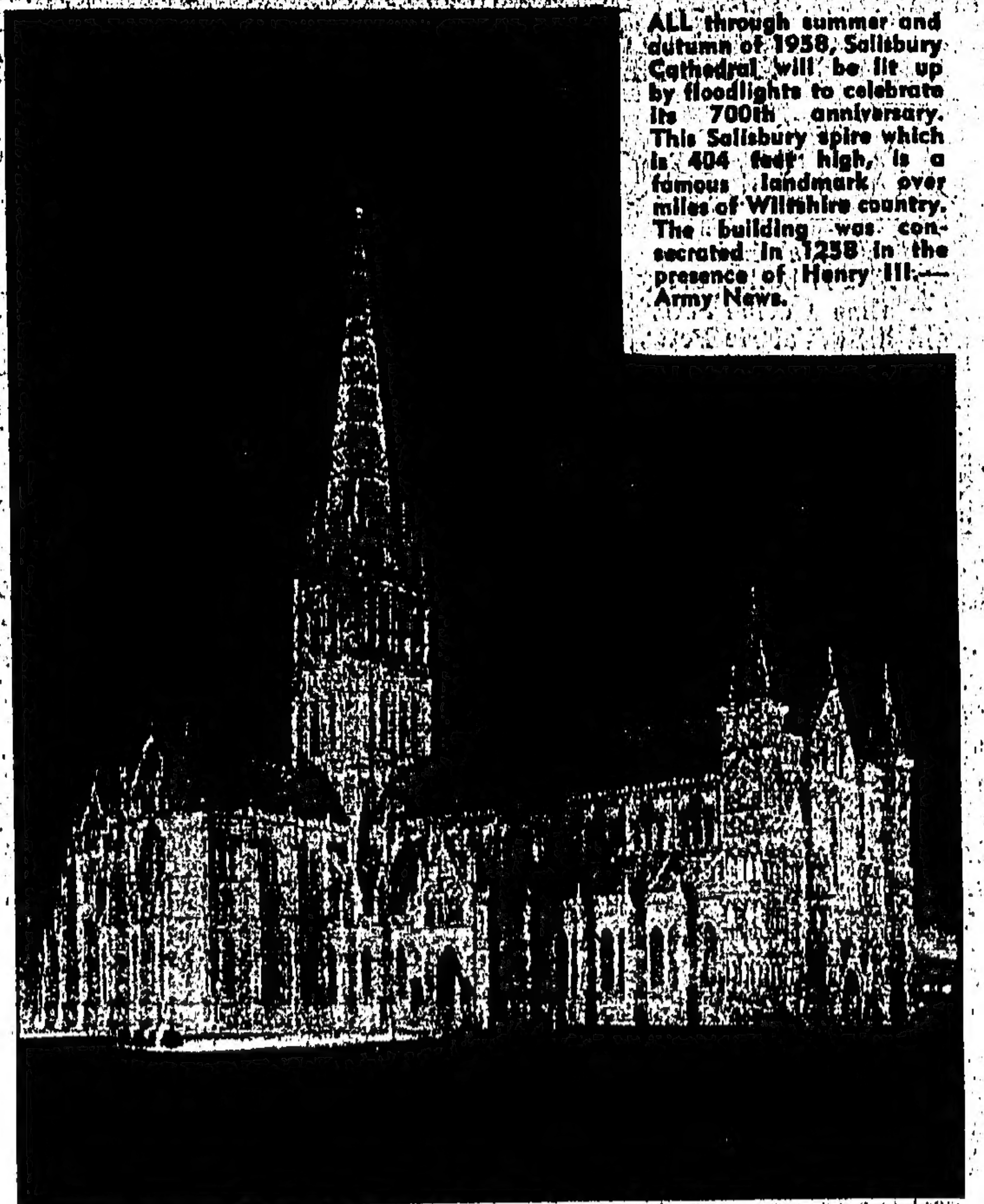
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



WITH test pilot Richard Peck at the controls, America's Hiller Rotor-cycle, "one-man scooter of the air," is tested on London's South Bank.—Express.



QUEEN Elizabeth arrives at London's Italian Embassy for a dinner given in her honour by Italy's President Gronchi, who was on a State visit last week.—Express.

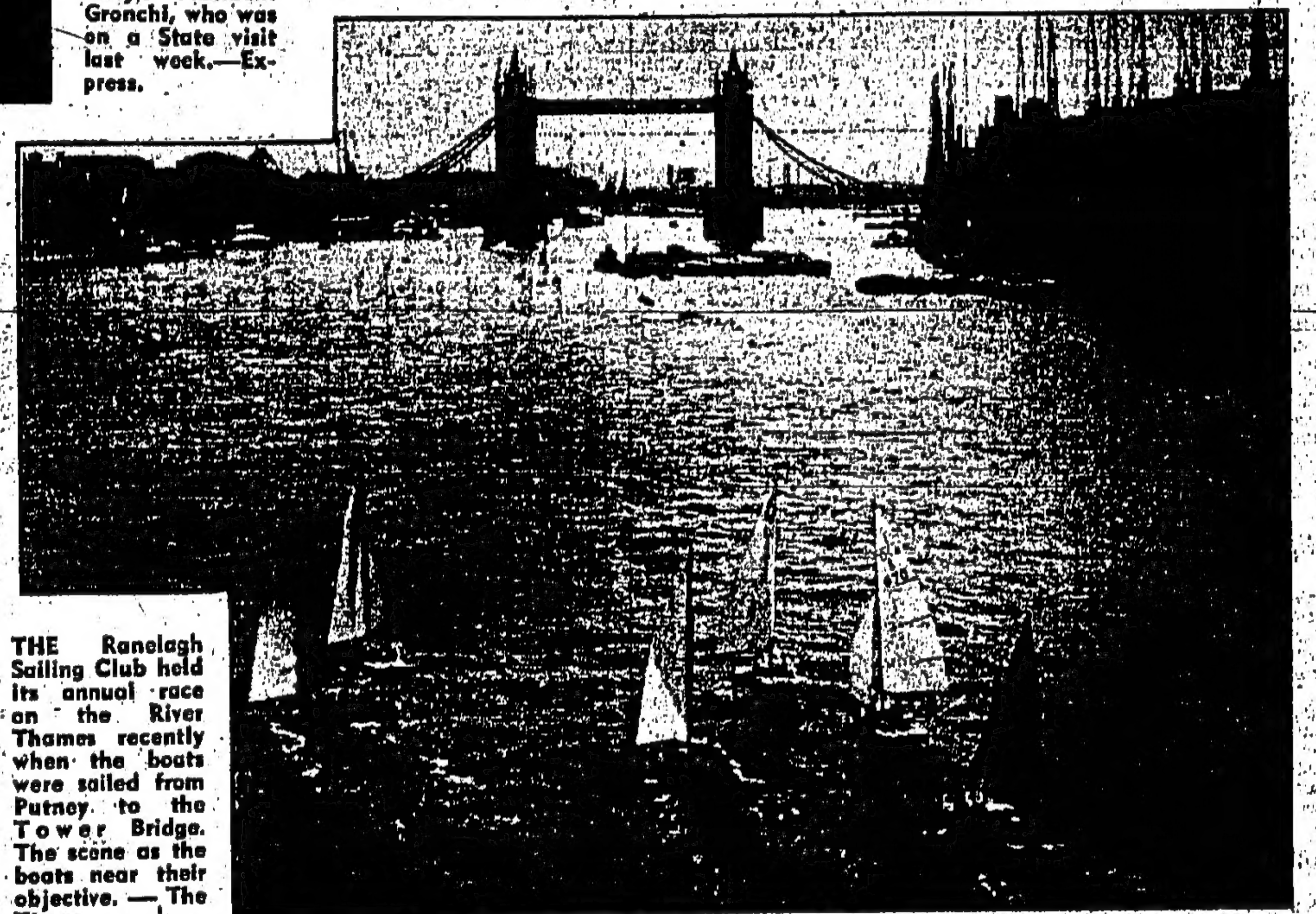


ALL through summer and autumn of 1958, Salisbury Cathedral will be lit up by floodlights to celebrate its 700th anniversary. This Salisbury spire which is 404 feet high, is a famous landmark over miles of Wiltshire country. The building was consecrated in 1258 in the presence of Henry III.—Army News.

MISS England, pretty Dorothy Hazeldine, 19, who was elected after the contest had been held three times. The first winner was under age, the second married.—Central Press.



THE Duke of Gloucester paid a private visit to the Scots Guards Depot at Caterham recently. Soon after the inspection are Sgt George (left) and Lance Sgt Welsh, who between them share 74 years' service. Lance Sgt Welsh has been with the Depot for 30 years.—Army News.



THE Ranelagh Sailing Club held its annual race on the River Thames recently when the boats were sailed from Putney to the Tower Bridge. The scene as the boats near their objective.—The Times.

THAT'S my hound dog! Colin Clark, 3, and his father's Afghan take a nap while awaiting judging at the Afghan Hound Dog Show recently in Kent.—Keystone.



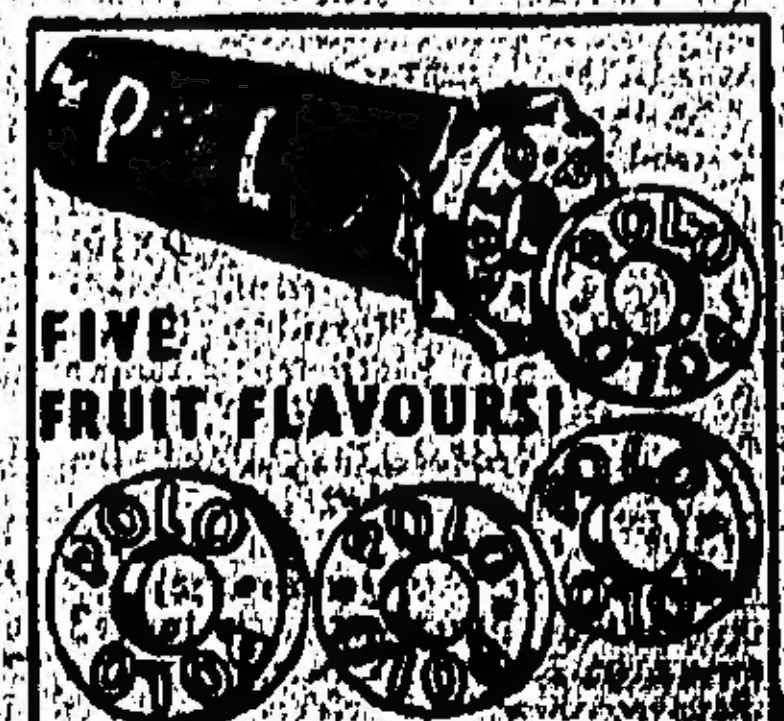
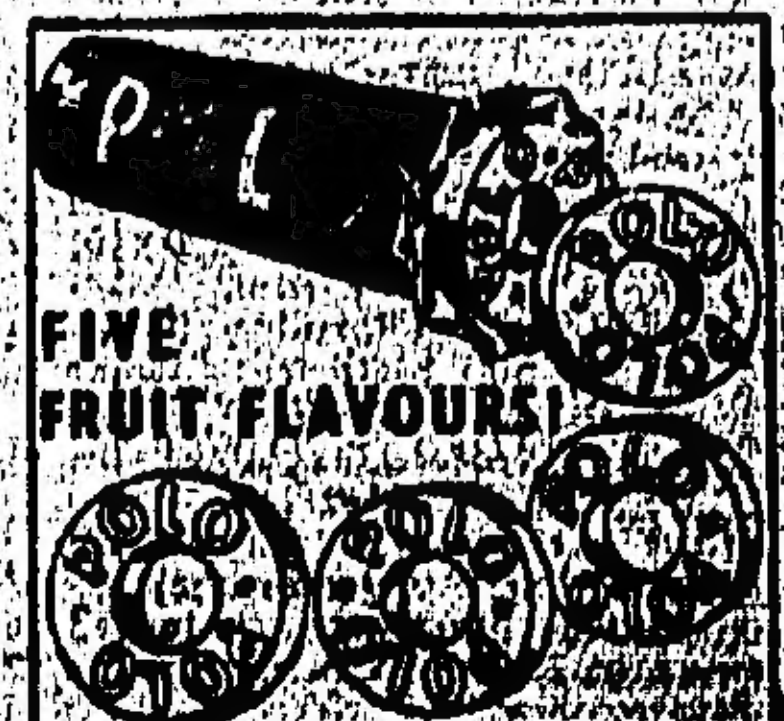
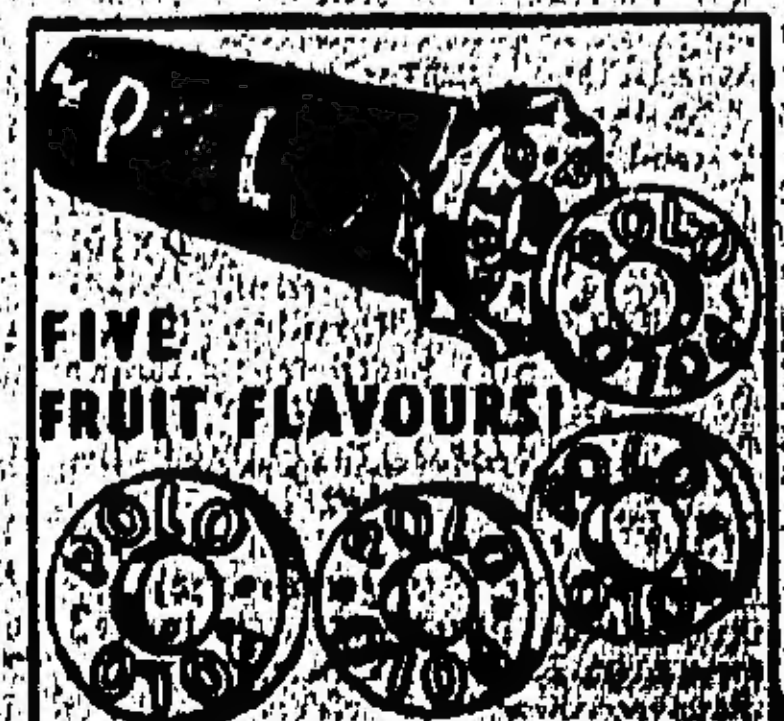
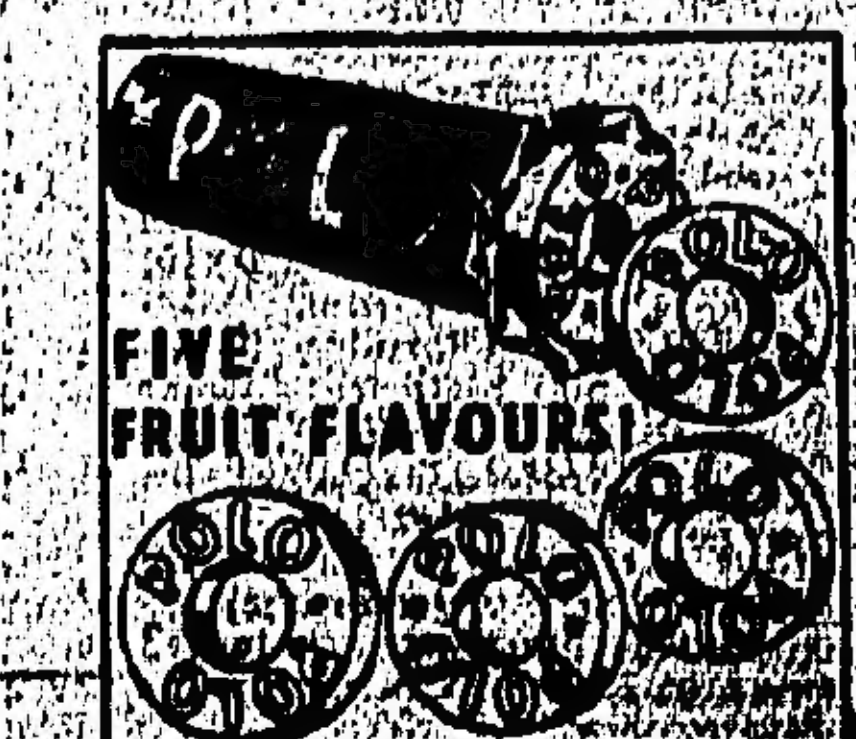
THE set of "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" has an international flavour about it when three Italian children visit their Swedish mother who is playing a Chinese role. It was the first time that seven-year-old Robertino Rossellini and five-year-old twins Isabella and Isotta had been allowed to visit Ingrid while she was at work on a film.—Express.



THE Duke of Rutland and his beautiful bride, former Miss Frances Sweeny, daughter of the Duchess of Argyll, after their wedding at Caxton Hall. An elaborate reception was held later at Claridges.—Central Press.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



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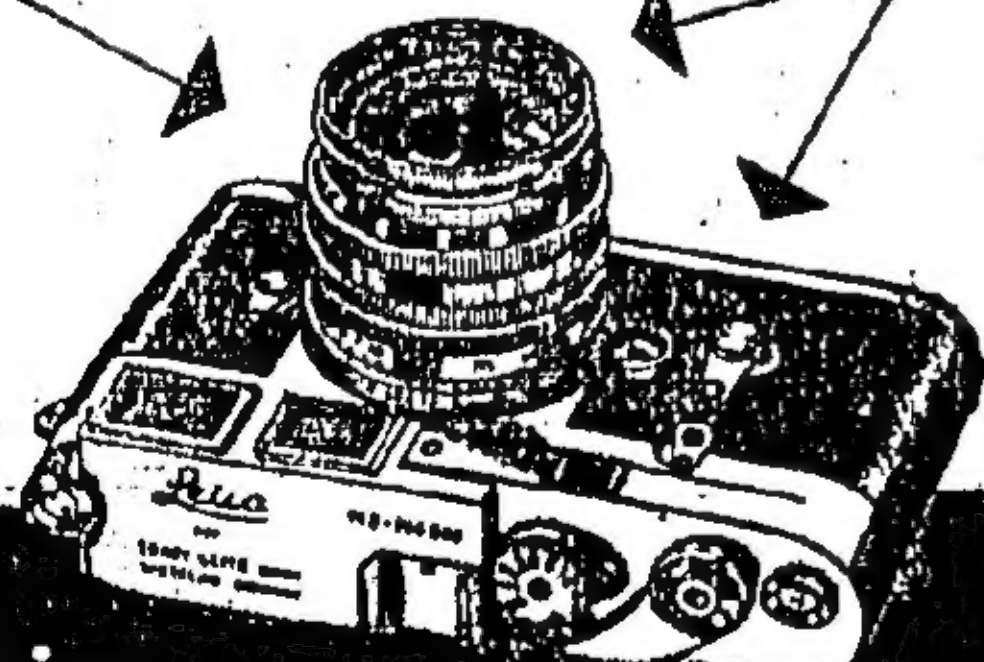
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THE MAN WITH THE GREEN BICYCLE

THE Defence in a murder trial is not compelled to suggest some plausible alternative cause of death—any more than the Crown is compelled to suggest some plausible motive.

But if it can suggest a motive, the Crown does improve its chance of securing a conviction—and if it can suggest an alternative cause of death, the Defence does improve its chance of securing an acquittal. There is always danger, as seasoned defenders know, in leaving a jury alone with the thought: Well, how else could it have happened?

Especially when the outcome is so delicately poised as it was throughout that memorable court battle which took place at Leicester in the June of 1920, and has its own niche in criminal history as The Green Bicycle Case.

UNFORTUNATE CHOICE

Ronald Light must often have cursed the fate that prompted him to buy such a flamboyant bicycle. Had it been less distinctive and conspicuous, the odds are substantial that he would never have stood in the dock on a charge of murdering Bella Wright.

Oh yes, certainly, he had encountered Bella on that sunny summer evening (though it wasn't until a later date that he even learned her name). He had gone out—on his green bicycle—for a spin round the countryside, had come upon her having trouble with her—more orthodox—

machine and stopped to lend her a spanner and assist, had then ridden alongside her, in civil conversation, to the nearby home of Bella's uncle, where she called, had rejoined her when she came out—relatives looking on—and ridden off again in her company, back toward the town.

Only 35 minutes later, Bella Wright's dead body was found lying by her bicycle on the glass verge of a lonely lane between two and three miles away. She had been shot through the head. A revolver bullet was picked up a few yards from the spot.

CYCLIST SOUGHT

The police promptly and naturally acted on the information given them by Bella's relatives. They announced that they wished to interview the man with the green bicycle.

Why didn't Light come forward? Why didn't he tell the detectives there and then the story he afterwards told the jury from the witness box? Why didn't he say: "It's quite true I was with the girl when she left her uncle's, but we very soon discovered that our ways diverged, I kept on towards Leicester, she took the other road, her back disappearing down that road was the last I saw of her? Why instead did Light deliberately keep mum?"

His explanation can be compressed into one word. Panic. It was widely assumed from the start that the police need look no further; the man with the green bicycle and the murderer must be one. (Motive might not be clear-cut, or even evident, but a comely girl and a lonely lane were sufficiently suggestive.) Light—a former shell-shock victim—looked frightened and hesitated. And—of course, the longer the man with the green bicycle turned a deaf ear to the continuing hue and cry, the more deeply entrenched

up. From a secret identification mark, the police were able to establish that it had belonged to Light. The canal also yielded up a holster containing five munition exactly corresponding with the bullet discovered near the body of the girl. From its service origin, the police were able to establish that this holster also had belonged to Light—and that he had an Army officer's own revolver in which such ammunition could be used.

At first Ronald Light, now more panic-stricken still, met the challenge of events with blank denial. Not his bicycle. Not his holster. Never had a green bicycle. Never met Bella Wright. Hadn't been in that district on that Saturday.

Light's defender, however, was to point a way. Marshall Hall's peculiar faculty for cross-examining experts derived in part from his extensive range of expert knowledge. He was specially familiar with firearms and their use—in actual practice as well as the mere theory and, having accepted the brief for Light, he

Circumstances may have conspired against Light, but he seized every chance of joining the conspiracy himself. At his trial, the full effects of this were felt. Not only the circumstantial evidence, but his dissembling silence, his furtive motions, his untruthful statements—each and all had got to be explained. And if ever the explanations seemed to falter or fall short—as even genuine explanations have been known to do—that dangerous question lay ready to intrude itself. Well how else could it have happened?

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by
**Edgar
Lustgarten**



The tow-ropes rained into the bargeman's view the battered frame of a green bicycle.

conducted certain practical experiments of his own.

The firm conclusion, Marshall Hall had drawn from these—that Bella Wright could not have been shot at close range either by the bullet in the road or by any bullet from the revolver Light had possessed on service—powerfully influenced

bullet, which for some moments he had been examining under his own lens. "Look at it closely and tell us—what is that mark upon it?"

"The gunsmith peered and pondered. "You see the mark?" "Yes," Clarke said. "I see it. "It's a rifling mark, is it not?"

"Yes," Clarke said. "It's a rifling mark."

"Which means that that bullet has passed through a rifled barrel?"

"Yes."

"Whether in a rifle or a revolver, does a rifled barrel enormously increase the weapon's range?"

"Yes."

"Point Two gained—and the sharper members of the jury beginning to apprehend where the trail was leading.

"That bullet you have there—it could be fired from a rifle as well as a revolver?"

"Yes," Clarke said.

Point Three—and the slower jurors catching up. Marshall Hall, with a virtuoso's command

of his audience, gave them time. "Suppose it to have been fired from a rifle. It would have a range, wouldn't it, of at least a thousand yards?"

Clarke believed it would. "And at fifty or sixty yards, it could penetrate an inch of deal?"

Clarke believed it could.

DISTANCE THEORY

Point Four—and now the harvest to be reaped. "Supposing the shot to have been fired some distance away," said Marshall Hall, "and that in its flight it came into contact with a fence or tree, and then struck someone on the road. Wouldn't you expect to find that bullet within a few feet of that person?"

Clarke believed it could.

When "not strictly" engaged to singer Sylvia Drew Ray said: "I love that girl—I love her like heck. But, oh dear, oh dear, I'm all mixed up about it."

Note the book's equivalent quotation under the title the "PLAYFUL PLOY": "No, no Cynthia, for goodness' sake, I can't take it I must—yes I must go—now—right away!"

But joyful Johnnie still has plenty of time to practise the plays—he's 30 and the book says that between 30 and 40 a man is more or less settled down to bachelorhood, but still in peril from snipers.

'Playful'

PATTERNS of bachelor behaviour given in the book and still to be used by Mr Ray: The "PLAYFUL PLOY": "There's many more fish in the sea, as the old saying has it, and you're still attractive enough to get yourself another feller."

Or the "WISTFUL PLOY": "I shall always cherish your memory with affection. Please don't spoil it now."

Or the "THOUGHTFUL PLOY": "This, my dear, is the way of the world. We must meet like comets and part like planets."

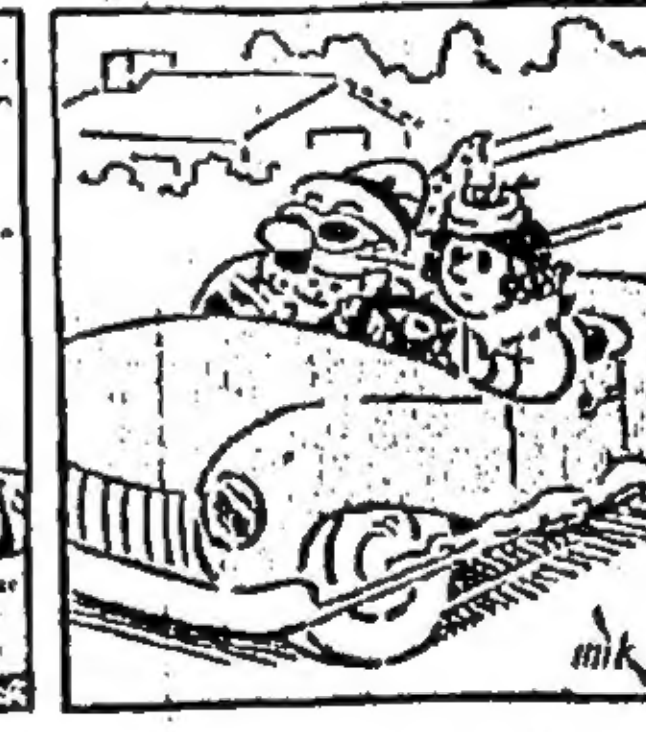
Or the "FORCEFUL PLOY": "I'm a plain man and a reasonably honest one; I couldn't go on living a life of pretence with you."

Any girl who's out to be more than good friends—in the legal sense, of course—with a practicing bachelor like Mr Ray had better buy the book. Or better still, employ some ploys of her own.

END

—(London Express Service).

FERD'NAND



By Mik



SWISSAIR

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

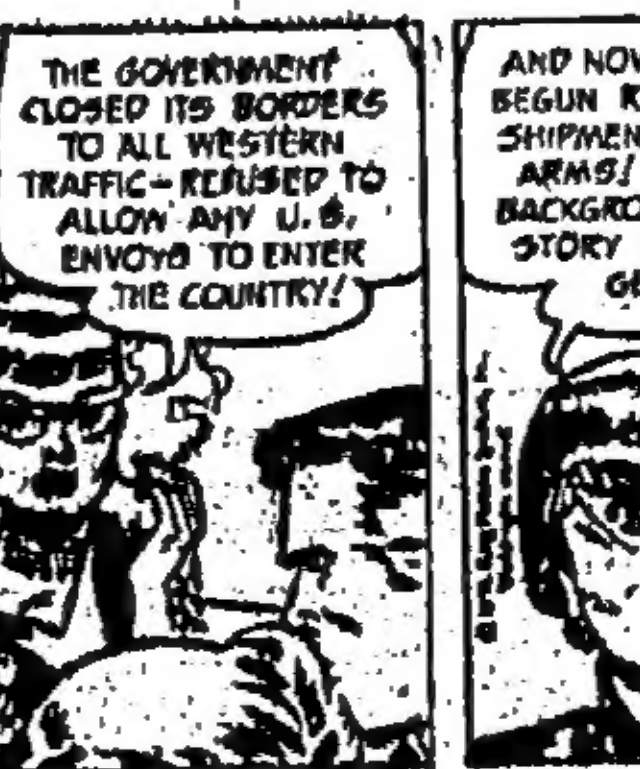
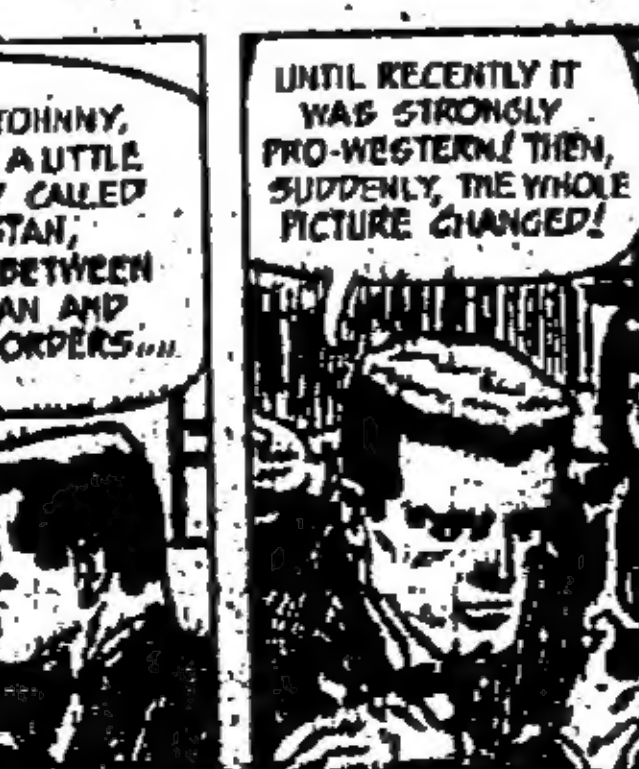
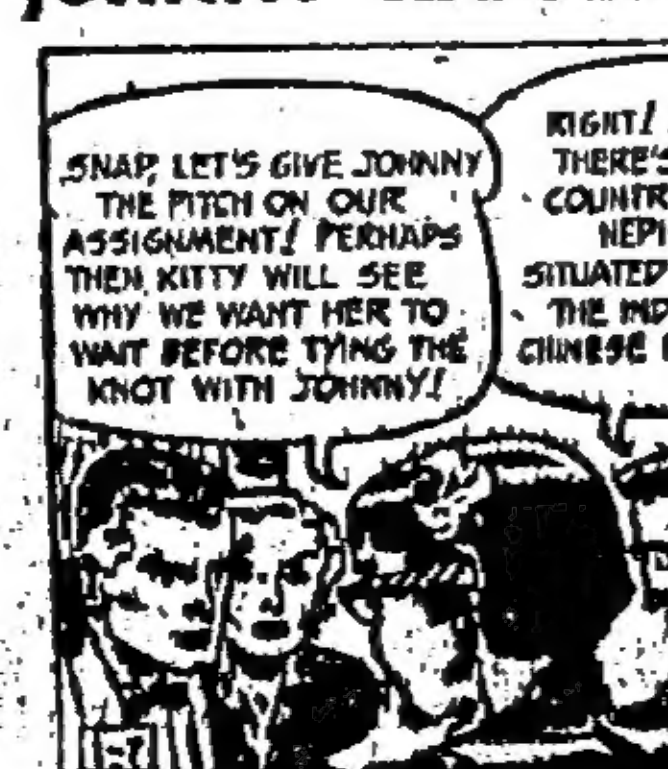


By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



SHEAFFER'S SNORKEL

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

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The book
on Johnnie
Ray's
dressing
table

By
JOY MATTHEWS

THE blurb on the cover tells us that the book is "the cad's-eye view of debbs, plebs, show girls, shop girls, and blondes in the platinum and higher specific weights."

Mr Ray, who has escaped the knot (except for a period of seven months when he was married) once went on record with: "I love her... but she deserves a man who can do more for her than I can."

In the book this comes under the label "DUTIFUL PLOY," with which in given this specimen statement: "These are the best years of your life, my girl, and I'm not going to let you waste them on me."

'Hateful'

WHEN he didn't marry Signorina Novella Paragani, a picturesque portrait painter residing in Rome, Mr Ray said: "I'm going to learn some good Italian swear words that I'll use next time we meet."

Compare this with the "HATEFUL PLOY"—the book's example reading: "It's over now—over for good. So long, shrew, and don't show your kisser in any joint of mine."

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**How To Avoid
Matrimony**



HERALD PLOY

THE MAN who's been that good friends with a score or more of girls has done the one thing that nobody ever does. He has taken advice. And from one of those How Not To Do It books. Johnnie Ray, that romantic "ary baby" of song, has a copy of "How To Avoid Matrimony" on his dressing-table at the Palladium. How apt it turned out to be is shown...

* "How To Avoid Matrimony" by Herald Ploy, is published by Mother, Ltd. 4d.



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Disappointed Hangman

by
JOHN LUFF

AS the clock of a Midlands town struck two, the door of number twenty-two Kitchener Street opened and Mr Crewle stepped onto the street. He wore the dress he reserved for these occasions, a well brushed bowler hat on his rather large head, a drab Oxford-grey suit, the trousers of which were a shade lighter than the coat and waistcoat, and although it was warm, a dark grey raglan overcoat. He wore rather old fashioned boots which were highly polished and in his right hand he carried an attache case, the lock of which was apparently unsafe, for his first finger was extended over the lid of the case.

His appearance caused some excitement in the street, for the curtains of the windows of the adjoining houses were hastily drawn aside and curious faces followed his progress down the street. The lady at number twelve timed her arrival at the door as Mr Crewle was passing. "I see you're off," she said.

Mr Crewle nodded, he deplored this curiosity yet excused it. In a sense the neighbourhood had a legitimate interest in his departure on this occasion, but somehow the curious women robbed him of the dignity he felt was rightly his. By trade, Mr Crewle was a bricklayer's labourer but today and tomorrow he would be working at his supplementary profession, and his absence from work had been noticed by Kitchener Street and thrown into considerable excitement. "He's doing it" had gone from house to house with the speed of a prairie fire. A few months earlier a particularly brutal murder had taken place in the next street but one and now the murderer was to die and at the hands of none other but Mr Crewle of Kitchener Street.

Now all Kitchener Street knew that Hatcher the murderer frequented the same public house as Mr Crewle, not that they were friends for Mr Crewle was rather an aloof man with a fine sense of the dignity of his place in public life, nevertheless, it was thought that knowing the mur-

derer, he would back out and leave the stage to his assistant who would thus be able to make his debut as a hangman in his own right. Somehow these rumours reached Mr Crewle and put his back up. His professional pride was hurt, he noticed the questioning faces of his fellow workmen, he saw men glancing over their shoulders when he went for his evening drink, he saw the women gossiping when he turned into his street on his way home from work.

The Pace

His injured pride was somewhat repaired when he approached his foreman, "Charlie, I'll have to take a couple of days off next week." "You're doing it then?"

Mr Crewle was pleased to notice the look of horror and amazement on the foreman's face. "I'd sooner you than me mate," said the foreman, Mr Crewle did not deign to reply. Although the station was only ten minutes' walk from Mr Crewle's house, and although the train did not leave until two-thirty-five, Mr Crewle left sharp at two in keeping with the timetable he had prepared the night before. Mr Crewle considered it undignified to make any hurried movement on these occasions. To run for a train and fall panting into a third class carriage would be positively indecent, thus it was he went his way in slow measured footsteps.

As was his custom when setting out to keep his appointment with the condemned, Mr Crewle allowed his mind to dwell upon

the highlights of his meagre career. He recalled how, as an assistant he had plied his first case, and his start of surprise as the trap had leaped open. His cheeks grew warm when he lived again that moment when a certain government official complimented him upon his efficiency. So he passed the time, not unpleasantly, until the station was reached.

The journey to the county town was quite short and Mr Crewle saw his assistant waiting at the station barrier. He did not fail to notice the assistant's rather ungracious salutation but he let it go, understanding, to some extent, the disappointment of the man. "I'll let him do a bit more next time," thought Mr Crewle, "but this morning is mine." He knew it would be of no use trying to explain to his assistant the qualities of professional pride, for the fellow was dull witted, at his best he would be a technician but was altogether lacking in finesse, that quality which distinguishes the artist from the artisan.

Together they arrived at the prison gates, the assistant still a little sulky. Mr Crewle had operated here twice before, nonetheless he took no step without permission, in keeping with the finest traditions of professional conduct. They were shown to their rooms and after washing themselves sat down to a meal. Even now Mr Crewle made no reference to the case and his assistant, remembering Mr Crewle's dislike of any question about his plans made no enquiries.

After eating they returned to Mr Crewle's room, and Mr Crewle sat down to smoke his last pipe of tobacco before the dreadful moment of tomorrow. The action was almost ritualistic from the taking of the pipe in one hand and the tobacco pouch in the other, the burning match and the first cloud of smoke, all was dedicated to all that was to follow. And although Mr Crewle knew that he would long for another smoke before the night was out, he would under no circumstances permit it. He eyed his assistant through the cloud of smoke and realised how far apart they were in these things.

This was the moment Mr Crewle loved. The report that he was in the world would now be made. Soon all the prisoners would know and the dreadful hush would fall.

This was the moment sacred to Death and Mr Crewle was his vice-regent. Mr Crewle knew that from now on until now was gone, warders would talk in hoarse voices; that the vilest old tag would give no trouble; that men would leap

aside as he passed; that prisoners would sit trembling in their cells; that the Governor, unless he were a rare specimen like the one who had praised Mr Crewle, would avoid his eyes. Mr Crewle stifled the intoxicating atmosphere, it stung the nostrils like stale incense; it was as exciting as a drug injected into the veins of a decadent aesthete; it was as airy as a vintage Champagne.

A knock, diffident in gesture, sounded on the door. "Come in," said Mr Crewle in a kindly manner. A prison officer entered and stood waiting for Mr Crewle's attention. Mr Crewle looked up. "Is all prepared?" he asked.

The Lines

From now on, Mr Crewle's lines would be suitable to the part he was to play, in his drama, a vocabulary he had acquired from the sensational literature his children read.

The warden nodded.

"Come," said Mr Crewle to his assistant and they followed the officer into a narrow passage and stepped into a small room. No explanation was necessary and within a minute Mr Crewle was observing through the keyhole the man who was to play the principal role opposite Mr Crewle next morning. Mr Crewle looked at his assistant and said "Right" and although he knew the next part of his journey, his sense of etiquette permitted him to take no unprivileged steps.

The officer returned and dutifully opened the door for Mr Crewle and his assistant. Although Mr Crewle knew the familiar movement. He stepped aside and allowed the officer to conduct him into the chamber. He waited while the officer switched on the harsh lights, then gazed around critically.

Yes, his memory was perfect, therefore his assistant must hurry ahead, turn sharp left at that corner and come up behind his man. He held his part would stand just inside this door and would move just in front of the condemned man and halt just at his side. He would, from that position, get a side glimpse of the doomed man's eyes as he slipped the noose over his face. Then, while he pulled the bag into position with his left hand his right would be left free to swing the noose over the man's neck.

His left hand now being free would take the noose and steady it while he ran the thimble against the knot. In that position his knee could touch the condemned man's leg and feel that delicious

shudder that always came when the victim felt the knot kiss the flesh of the neck.

Two steps, and should he pull the lever and release the trap, or should he allow his assistant to do it on this occasion? No. Two quick light steps, less than a second, a grip, a glimpse, and crash!

For a moment a twinge of pity passed through his soul as he recalled the look of disappointment on his assistant's face when he met him at the station barrier. Never mind. He stepped over to the lever, smoothly and easily, its sound deepened by pads. Tomorrow it would not be so, his dreadful thud would echo through the prison, and would be the signal for his departure; the curtain fall on an exquisite drama. He turned to the prison officer, his cue for his next line. "All is in order."

The officer conducted the Hangman and his assistant to Mr Crewle's room. Now began that most thrilling and exquisite moment when he considered the physical peculiarities of the condemned. The weight, the height, the nice proportions of the rope where every inch allowed would depend upon weight, muscles, and thickness of neck.

His heart went out to the doomed man, there arose within him a feeling of gratitude, he felt an insane impulse to seek out the murderer and talk to him thus: "Only you and I of all the people here understand this thing I do. The rope shall join us thus, you and I; the knot shall tie us together for eternity; none shall understand us as we shall understand each other, you in the thrilling agony of death, and I who travel so far with death and then return."

The Shock

Mr Crewle gazed at his assistant who was twisting his face before a small shaving mirror and squeezing out blackheads with his dirty fingernails.

"Here's the drop," he said. "The assistant jumped to life and started off. Mr Crewle obediently. Mr Crewle referred to his greasy little exercise book and cleared his throat. Someone knocked at the door, a strong firm steady knock. "Come in," said Mr Crewle.

The prison officer entered. He did not look at Mr Crewle but said, "You are to see the Governor now."

Now? This was most unusual. Never before had he received a summons at this hour. Probably the Governor was a nervous type, anxious that everything should be over quickly. Well, Mr Crewle would not be flustered nor hastened by any prison commissions or

chicken-hearted governors. He rose and followed the officer.

The interview began in a most strange way. The Governor stared directly into Mr Crewle's face. "I am pleased to say," he began, "that we shall not be needing you this time."

Mr Crewle felt an awful sensation as if all the blood had been drained from his heart. He saw the Governor through a red mist; he saw the Governor's mouth opening and closing but only every other word could he hear. Reprieve! Medical! Evidence! Home Secretary; and so on.

The sickening red mist cleared before Mr Crewle's eyes. The Governor pulled out his watch. "It's late, you can stay the night if you like, you and your man."

Stay the night! Mr Crewle knew that he would rather die than spend the night in this awful atmosphere. Even as he signed the necessary documents and received his expenses he felt that dreadful relaxation going on all around him. Unless his imagination failed him, he thought he heard a distant whistle coming from some blithering breaker of regulations. Not if he walked the streets all night, he would not stay here.

He returned to his room and picked up his case and threw in the odds and ends of his toilet materials and one or two personal objects of his office. His assistant, who had returned to his rough and ready beauty treatment, looked up.

"What's up?" he asked. "Mr Crewle turned on him savagely. "It's all off, that's what's up; and I'm getting out now, wouldn't stay in the place." Mr Crewle smacked his bowler hat on his head and marched out. In front of him surprised assistant. He walked in the office while he was signed out, then followed the escorting officer to the prison gates. Out in the street his nerve left him, he reeled against the wall, all the strength gone from his body.

He pulled himself together, buttoned his coat, and stepped out towards the station. Great tears began to fall down his face, his mouth was drawn with pain. One great tear fell upon his overcoat and burst into crystal fragments upon an overcoat button.

THE MEMORIES FILLED ST. PAUL'S

By **DONALD EDGAR**

There were shadows in St Paul's that day as the Queen walked up slowly to the new High Altar, proud, rich and lovely in its design, to present "a fair linen cloth" to cover it.

They were not the shadows left between the shafts of spring sunshine that came, delicately coloured, through the windows.

They were the shadows of 385,461 men in the British Empire who died in the two great wars of this tortured century.

The echoes

They crowded the cathedral. They filled the mind. They were with the Queen, her husband, Prince Philip, and that great ones of the land as they knelt in prayer.

They were such a vast concourse of those who have not grown old as those who are left will grow old.

Over 200,000 of them died in the first war. Anzac in the barren fury of Gallipoli, Canadians, Scots, Africans, Indians who died as they struggled in the mud of the Western Front.

And in this last war they came again to die in defence of the ideals of this island kingdom.

So many died. So many who were young and straight and free.

With every step the Queen took to this glittering altar... which replaces the one destroyed by the Germans in the blitz... with every step the echoes of valiant courage came closer... repeated those great stories.

Canadians reddening the seas off Dieppe, Canadians sweeping the Germans off the face of France, Australians blaspheming and praying as they threw Rommel out of Africa, Australians dying in the mud of the jungle, along with Indians and Africans.

There were so many memories. The pilots who fought their final battle in the skies... so many from so many Dominions and Colonies.

The beaches strewn with the pitiful wreckage of humanity... the men with the special dangerous jobs. The men who disappeared entirely in a flash of shell.

They were all there taking part in the dedication of the new altar of St Paul's. Many did not worship our God. Many did not believe. Many would have laughed at a compulsion that they had answered the call.

But they did. Whoever thought of the idea of remembering the dead of those two wars in this altar thought well.

For an altar is a scene of sacrifice.

And these men who died sacrificed themselves... for ideals which we believe are those of Christ.

And whoever thought of this altar being in St Paul's also thought well.

For St Paul's became a symbol of resistance in the last war. The survival of her dome... her beauty... and her traditions... was as much a miracle as the survival of Britain herself.

The great

The ceremony was, I felt, symbolic of Christ Militant. It was not the gentle Christ. It was not Christ the curer of disease.

It was a dominant Christ accepting homage for those who had fought for Him.

They were uniformed soldiers who sounded the Last Post and the Reveille. His calls sounded in the vast spaces of a great sigh and a great cry of joy.

The trumpets were sounding as the Queen entered... they flowed through the magnificent splendour of the organ. There was such a fanfare before the National Anthem... that mingling of religion and patriotism that only England could make reasonable... that even the figures of the great paintings of the dome seemed to come to life.

And the Duke of Wellington, astride his horse, seemed to look

round in his formidable way and push that great nose into some affair of "Boney's".

The great ones of the State were there... Prince Philip... beside his wife, the Queen. Slim, erect, and handsome.

The Duchess of Kent, as incredibly elegant as ever. Her daughter, Princess Alexandra. The Princess Royal.

Mr Macmillan, Lord Kilmauir, Lord Samuel, Mr Gaittel, The ambassadors. And, very important on this day, the High Commissioners of the Dominions of the Empire.

The congregation mist Sir Winston Churchill, the lion-hearted of both wars.

It would have been good to have him there... the living representative of the great Britons who are remembered here... not only Wellington, but Nelson, Gordon, Roberts, Kitchener, Jellison, Beatty, Lawrence of Arabia... all men who have deserved well of their country.

The City was there in all its panoply... the Lord Mayor in scarlet and ermine holding aloft the pearl sword... the symbol of the City's majesty which he had offered to the Queen when she arrived earlier at the Temple Bar.

The aldermen were in the choir... sitting on benches decorated by the miraculous carvings of Grinling Gibbons. Aldermen in scarlet robes trimmed with fur. They could have stepped out of a painting of the day St Paul's itself was consecrated.

The City judges were there in their long wigs and black-leaved gowns... the City Marshal was there in his scarlet and braid. But, essentially, it was the day of the Church of England.

That day the Church was not an assembly of shabby men driving in pre-war cars or pedalling bicycles.

The Church was there in its majesty.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Fisher, mitred and in pale green and cream.

The Bishop of London, also mitred... the Canon, the Dean of St Paul's... the Dean of Westminster... all the dignitaries of London... in sky blue, dark crimson, deep blue, green and yellow.

It was a splendid sight. There were humble men there too... men who had fought the fires of London... men who had protected the cathedral.

The voices

It was a morning and a dedication to remember. And all done in that fantastic romance work of genius created by Christopher Wren.

And, so splendid, is the new high altar with its backcloth, or covering of fantastic columns... its gilt... its angels poised for flight... its figure of Christ... that I think Wren himself would be pleased. In any case he didn't get round to designing the original altar.

But apart from all the majesty, the glory, and the state, I still remember the unearthly beauty of the boys' voices... remote, removed, purely beautiful, and beautifully pure, singing in memory of those who died for this great Empire, the Russian Prayer.

Give rest, O Christ, to Thy servants with Thy saints: where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

PARIS IS MY PARISH...

REPORTING TO YOU REGULARLY FROM THE CITY
THAT IS THE EMBLEM OF 'SPRING-ZING'The Windsor
hairstresser says'Cut it
short'

Paris. This city is humming. Humming with people, and humming with ideas. And today I report to you on some of the more provocative people... and their ideas.

The first is one of the greatest influences behind the famous and their faces... and one of the least known. His name: Alexandre. A man who moulds the shape of the faces of people like Greta Garbo, the Duchess of Windsor, Queen Soraya, Mme. Onassis, and Mme. Niarchos. He is becoming Paris's most fashionable hairstresser.

THE ODDS

AND he has something to say which will surprise every woman. Let me quote him: "Every woman looks better with short hair — there are only five women in a hundred that it does not suit. If custom is convincing evidence of this claim, he has it: "This morning I cut Mme. Niarchos's hair short, short, and now, with a flash of the scissors, 'I am waiting for her hair to grow longer, but I am waiting for her and I shall cut it all off. Well, perhaps not quite all."

The little Princess Fazio, who is going to marry the King of Iraq, I cut her hair short too. She is very, very shy."

I asked Alexandre about the Duchess of Kent's hair style which, I suggested, had remained unchanged for some time.

"It may appear she has the same style because she likes to part her hair in the middle, but she follows the mode, and each time I create something new I adapt it for her."

"The style is in the detail," he said. "I create for each woman something different. There was a pause. "After all that is what they pay me for."

"The Princess Soraya — she follows the fashion very closely. The Maharajah of Baroda. She has a strong personality, but she takes my advice. They all do."

"Juliette Greco? Well, yes, her hair is still long, but it is part of her stage personality. But I cut her fringe."

How has Alexandre risen to the top? Says he: "I owe everything to the Duchess of Windsor."

"She launched me and recommended me to her friends. It all started in 1945 in Cannes. I was introduced to the Duchess and I started to do her hair regularly. The Duchess then suggested that I come to Paris, and she arranged things so that I could do so."

Alexandre: "I create for each woman something different. After all, they pay me."

U.S. debts
move in...

THE French society woman with two "de's" to her name (in France if you are Madame de Blank it means you come from a titled family. If you have two "de's" you are very noble indeed) looked at me fixedly, then let loose a flood of indignation. "Really," she said, "it is too much. A hundred

marriageable American girls, all undoubtedly with good figures, long legs, and nice fat bank balances, all coming to Paris at the same time.

"And we, like imbeciles, guarantee to provide young Frenchmen from the right families to act as their escorts."

As if it is not already difficult enough to find suitable young men for our young girls without making it worse by opening our

arms to a flood of American 'hoiesses."

I felt there was something to be said for the indignant French mamma. For the American debutantes' committee has been busy organising a coming-out ball for young American girls from wealthy families at the Palace of Versailles in July.

Short, stocky, grey-haired, with a beautiful thin star wife (Françoise, Arnold) 20 years younger than himself, Georges Cravenne, barrister himself behind three devoted secretaries

by
Joan
Harrison



GEORGES CRAVENNE
THE CZAR OF PARIS

dollars (about £380) a head. This includes a 'suitable' young Frenchman as an escort and a dancing partner chosen from the ranks of St Cyr military school, the Polytechnique, one of the snob men's colleges in France, and the Sorbonne law school.

Two of Paris's top dress-makers, Jacques Heim and Lanvin, Castillo have been roped in to design white ball dresses for the Americans and a French committee, headed by the Duchesse de Maitle and the Duchesse de Brissac, will receive the girls.

So it will be Versailles instead of Buckingham Palace for this year's crop of American debs and a debut from St. Cyr instead of a Mayfair debut.

THE MAN
THEY ALL
WANT
TO-SEE...

THEY call Georges Cravenne "M. Tout-Paris" because he is the man who pulls the strings behind all the big Paris first nights and galas.

He sends out the invitations for the first night, decides who shall be asked and where they shall sit — a behind-the-scenes czar-of-cats society.

Short, stocky, grey-haired, with a beautiful thin star wife (Françoise, Arnold) 20 years younger than himself, Georges Cravenne, barrister himself behind three devoted secretaries

who, when I saw them, were all running at the double, answering phones, and getting the best of to Cannes, his "headquarters."

I asked him his secret formula for keeping the peace among the competing celebrities in the rush to be first in the best seats.

Simply, it was this: "I try to like everyone — and that, madame, is hard work and requires lots of concentration."

TAILPIECE

QUICK glimpses of the big names of fashion:

BALENCIAGA says: "Women who want to see my dresses out of curiosity don't interest me. In each of his spring and summer collections is one dress he has cut, and shown entirely himself."

GIVENCHY keeps six Afghan greyhounds. The woman he likes to dress more than anyone else — Audrey Hepburn.

CASTILLO OF LANVIN is a chain-smoker, hardly ever seen without one in his mouth. He only smokes half of each cigarette and lights a fresh one before he has stubbed out the old.

He has just finished designing a wardrobe for Claudette Colbert, who is returning to the New York stage in September in a play with Charles Boyer.

MAUREEN
FOLLOWS
MOTHER

37" 25" 37"



FOLLOWING is mother's footsteps, Maureen Shelley, at 10½ is our newest teenage model. Mother, Irene Benton, 37in.-25in.-37in., has been modelling for years, even since she won a glamour competition. Maureen (32in.-21in.-35in.) says: "How lucky I am to have a model mother. She gives me all the tips."

Both are red-heads with blue eyes and lift 5in. tall. They share a tiny London flat and all the domestic chores. "First thing we do every evening after work," says mother, "is pop on the kettle for a cup of tea and put our feet up."

For spring, Maureen has chosen this up-to-the-minute "trapeze" line dress in oatmeal wool, with a matching straw "salon" and long apricot gloves. Mother has chosen the same shade in a slim-skirted suit with the new loose back.

(London Express Service)

I'm off to New York — and
I haven't a thing to wear

Says Veronica Papworth

FRANTIC and wild-eyed, short of time and patience, I spent the first half of last week rushing round in circles, crying — as women have cried ever since Eve put two fig leaves together and found that they wouldn't quite meet to make a brassiere — "I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR."

Hardly true (it seldom is — is it?), but with four days to go before sailing for New York I suddenly discovered a great yawning gap in my wardrobe.

Waiting somewhere to fill it was a CHEMISE dress. Keen though I am on being a jump ahead of the other gals, it's a line I've, so far, side-stepped.

High fashion it undoubtedly is, but, for myself, I've never been able to take it seriously.

I somehow couldn't "see" me in a short shift or a partly deflated bag. I guess I'd have been content to leave it at that, had not



Chemise Rule No. 1 — High neckline. dress-designer Mrs. Gretel Lenz called me up on her return from the States with the news that the women over there have gone all out for this newest of new looks.

"They even have 'chemise' hair styles and 'chemise' shoes," she reported — "it's chemises everywhere."

"Frankly I think they loathe them — but they are wearing them. Maybe just as a conversation piece. The women love talking about their clothes and the men love talking about their women."

How could I hope to conquer the new world chemise? How even to start up a conversation in last season's sack?

I saw myself hovering on the fringe of endless parties like the girls in those depressing American ads: "Why doesn't somebody tell her — her WAIST is showing."

Add to this a report from photographer Roy Round who flew off ahead of me: "Short chemise — shaped baby doll dresses stole the show at the 'April in Paris' ball over here."

"Hideous — but everyone was talking about them."

So I went out in search of my chemise and I think I must have tried on every chemise in town.

By the end of the day it felt like it anyway.

Couture ones and cheap ones, Italian, French, and Swiss ones.

Chemise Rule No. 2 — Big hats.

long ones and short ones, flowered ones and fluffy ones. "Frankly, darling," said my favourite designer, "the chemise does as little for you as it does for any other woman."

"The stores were out for a kill. Once madame has accustomed herself to it..." "You've only to meet a few more around and you'll gain confidence."

I do so enjoy the role of the Average Customer.

In fact, I doubt if anyone is more average than I am. Five feet six in my heels — vital (light) statistics, 35, 25, 30½.

Which is why I pass my findings on to you all.

If you are my height or less and you insist on a chemise you must wear your dress to cover your knees plus one inch.

You must also pick a dress with a high, wide neckline. That way there will be enough stuff between collarbone and patella to give you length.

I've drawn the differences (A). The second important point is that your dress must have an under elastic round the waist. This holds the front flat and gives you some shape.

The third important point is that you must have a whole lot of eye-level interest.

CHOOSE a big hat — not neces-

runs a placard on the costume jewellery counter at Harrods. And were they are six or seven rows to "fill you in."

You could, of course, do what I have done.

You could take one steady look at yourself and cry: "What on it? Women or worm? I WON'T wear a chemise."

It is rumoured that business is not too brisk in the fashion world — and no wonder.

It is simply that women faced with the most devastatingly unattractive line ever let loose from Paris, can't make up their minds to plunge.

They know they'll hate it.

Take my advice, unless you are five feet eight or more with such great big dreamy eyes that nothing else matters, look on some kind of a waist. No matter how slight.

It's no chemises for Miss Papworth — NO SIR.

A CHEEKY ARTIST GETS
AWAY WITH IT

"CLAUDE VIRGIN AND FRIEND" is the title of one of the wildest portraits in this year's Academy. I took tea with the artist Donald Cammell after the preview and listened sympathetically as he told me of his life and hard times.

"I've done my best to live down my past," said he in a hushed voice — "and I don't think anyone mentions it any more."

What is his grim secret? He was once one of Annan's most successful pupils. I sympathized as Broadway, Paul, Laurie Newton, Sharpe, Earline Kitt, and Sue Baroloff.

Currently he is painting the Hon. Robert Brinkley's wife, Jenny.

Why did he pick this slightly strange, lively picture of a

The first brushless mascara!

Helena Rubinstein
Mascara-Matic

curls, colours, waterproofs lashes!

THROW AWAY those old-fashioned messy brushes — Helena Rubinstein's brushless MASCARA-MATIC is here! In a wink! Unscrew and pull out applicator; sweep the lashes; they're curled and coloured! Waterproof! The Waterproof Mascara formula won't smudge, smear or streak even in the rain! Controlled! Every time you open your MASCARA-MATIC, it supplies just the right amount of mascara to beautifully both eyes. Three colours! Black or Brown for day or fluttering Blue for nights.

for

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Please commit:

Miss DIANA MA

(Beauty Specialist, Helena Rubinstein

Institutions, London, Paris)

TRY THESE STAND-IN SALADS

LETTUCE and tomato are expensive, but they are not the only good salad foods. Try instead raw root vegetables, shredded carrot, turnip and beetroot, dressed with one part lemon juice or vinegar, and three or four parts olive oil, with salt and pepper and slivers of horse radish. All are better raw.

Add chopped chives and parsley, not too fine. Plant a window-box with chives and parsley if you have no garden.

Young dandelion leaves should not be regarded as weeds. Place a flowerpot

over as many as you can find in the garden, so that they will draw up with lovely slender leaves. Remove the pot for a day so that the leaves can become green again.

A young tender cabbage makes a wonderful cold salad, and it takes kindly to imaginative additions.

Start by cutting slender strips from the tenderest leaves, but use some of the cut green ones for the sake of vitamin C.

Put the leaves in cold water for a half-hour to crisp, drain them and place

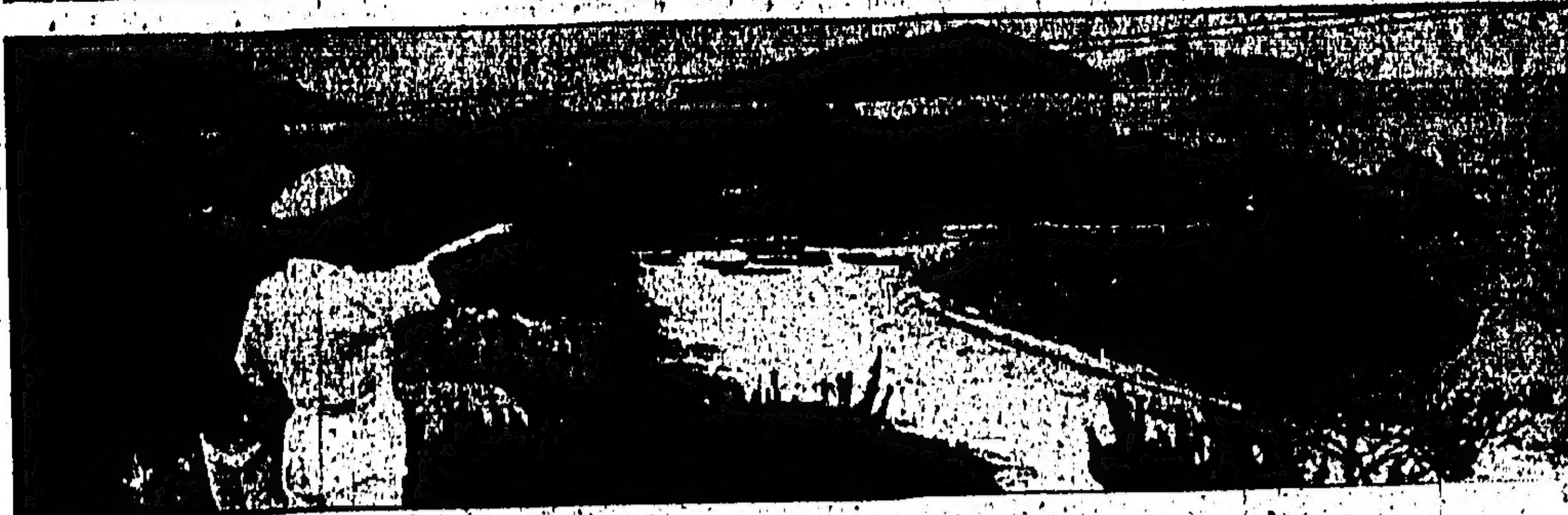
between the folds of a clean tea-towel. Pat to dry.

Dress generously with your own favourite "bolled" salad dressing. Change the salad's appearance and flavour with additions like shredded raw carrot, chopped green onions, and apple peel, cored and cut into small strips.

I like a desert pear treated the same way. Caraway and celery seeds are well established additions.

—HELEN BURKE

(London Express Service)



End of the road—
Long Beach at Cheung Sha Wan.

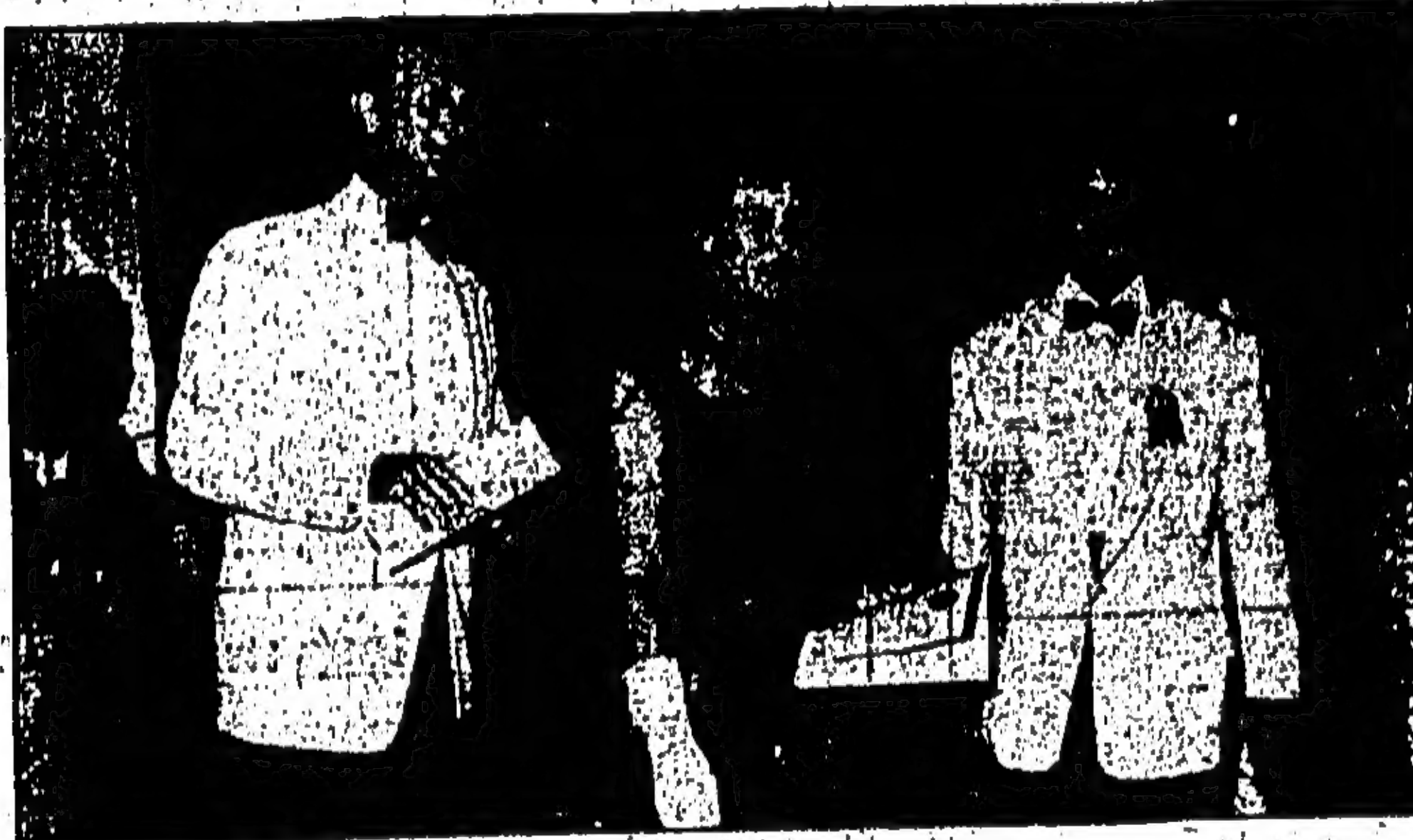


Opening of the Jubilee Building at St Stephen's Girls' College by Sir Robert Black who is seen (left) with the headmistress, Miss K. D. Chay, handing him the key. Above, Sir Robert is welcomed in the building's new gymnasium by an "old boy" of the school, and its current chairman, the Hon. Kwok Chan.

Staff Photographer

First bus on Lantau Island connects the Silver Mine Bay ferry terminus with "Long Beach". The bus was shipped in by lighter to take officials on a test run, and also took along a few future customers for the ride.

RIGHT: Installation of the Rev. John Chung at St John's Cathedral. John Chung is second from the left, followed by Canon A. P. Rose, and the Dean the Very Rev. F. S. Temple. BELOW: Arrivals from Malaya on their way to Japan with Tenku Abdul Rahman were his wife, his nephew Inche Suleiman Bin Abdul Rahman, and a party of seven.



Paintings and Calligraphy by Chang Sin-chuen, Chen Tam-chen, and Chow Yig-ting.



From the left, Mr J. Fairless with Admiral Gladstone and Mr Felix Hill at the China Fleet Club; Mr Harry Odell, Miss Getta Strok, and Mr Benno Meiselwitsch, the pianist, at Kai Tak; and Mr Chang Chun-hon, chairman of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, with Dr the Hon. D. J. M. Mackenzie and other directors at the Golden Dragon Restaurant.

BELOW: A surprise party given by her friends for Miss Marilyn Brown on her 19th birthday.

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Flags in force on May 17, the Consul-General's party for 50 children cheering their King on the National Day of Norway.

EDDIE CHING PHOTO

LEFT: Opening of a three-day exhibition of Chinese ink drawings by Mr. Woo Kim-um at Man Yee Building.



Actress Mak Ling, 4th from left, is seen with officials of the Chung Chi College Photographic Society at its annual ball, exhibition and prize-giving.

LEFT: On his return from Vienna, Mr. Frederick Porden, the Austrian Trade Commissioner in Hongkong, welcomed by his wife and two sons.

Staff Photographers



Dr. W. J. Cator, Consul-General for the Netherlands opens the exhibition of Dutch Products at the offices of Mr. B. van Suiden.

RIGHT: Shopping, scenery, and Hongkong hoteliers capture part of a multi-million dollar business—catering for conventions. In case you think Inter-continental Ballistic Missiles are a poor choice to start off on, IBM here means International Business Machine. Staff Photographers



Both men dead, but only one a winner. "Hongkong-Army" defeated "Singapore-Malaya" in this thrust for thrust team challenge.

LEFT: Lady Black and Mrs. Molhuus at the official reception given by the Norwegian Consul-General on Norway's national day.

BELOW: NY Metropolitan Opera tenor, Jan Peerce, seen at the Lake Yew Hall with Lady Black, Lady Gladstone, Harry Odell, and Mrs. Peerce.

Staff Photographers



New Refrigerator styling that fits in to look built-in!



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The Restaurant in Kowloon



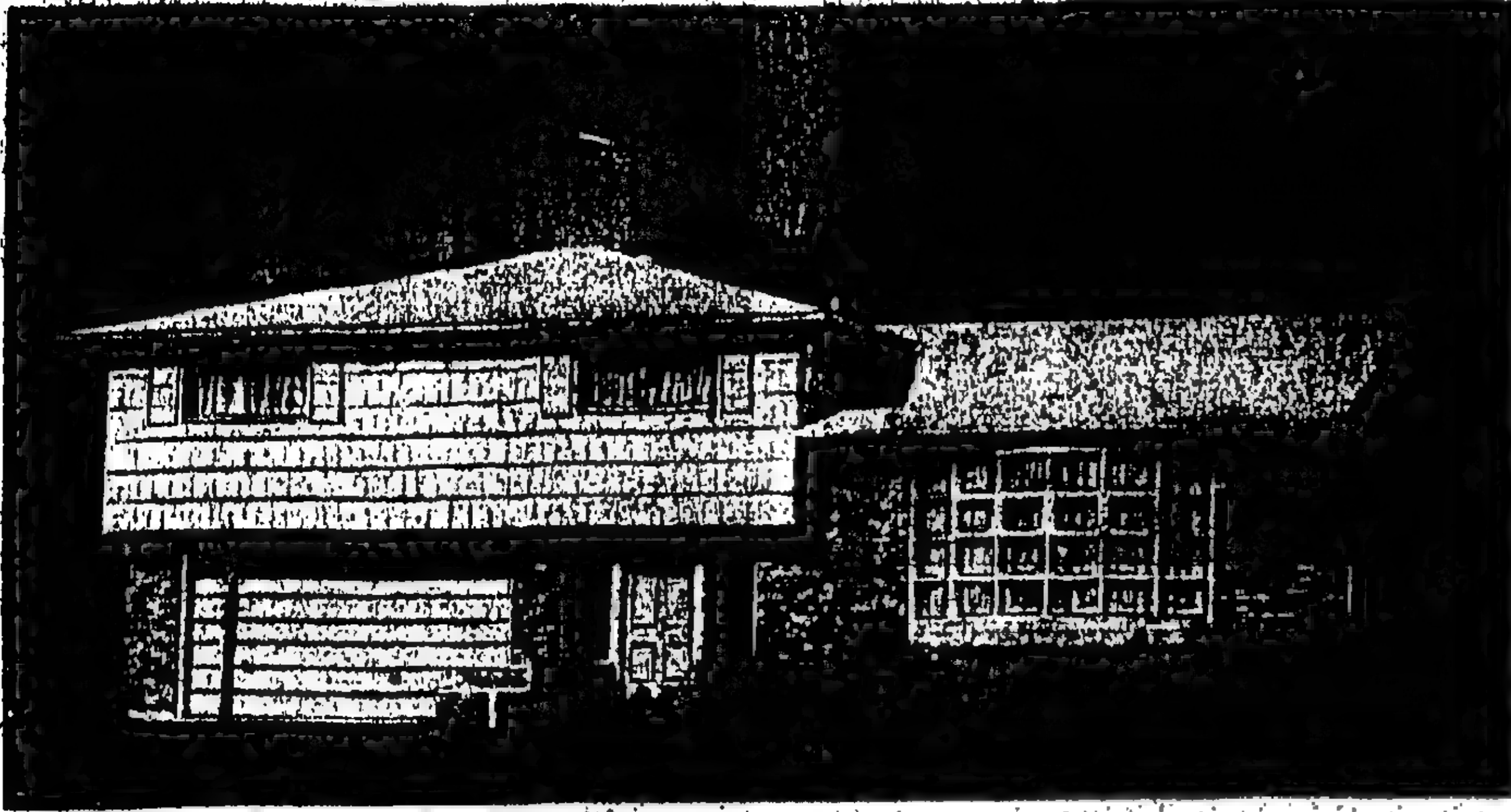
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



BRICK VENEER and wood panels are used for the exterior of this charming split-level home. The bedroom floor (above, left), is cantilevered to add about two feet more space upstairs and protect the two-car garage and entry below.

UP and DOWN

By Joan O'Sullivan

UP and down! Up and down! That's the way you seem to be going when you live in a house with stairs.

The Devonshire is different! It has stairs but, like all split level plans, they're short flights. Getting up or down is easy, and that means a great deal to busy home-makers.

FOUR FLOORS

The Devonshire has four floors, each separated from the next by six steps.

From the front foyer, you walk up a short flight to the main living area of the house. Here, living room and dining room combine to make a spacious L-shaped area. A multi-paned bay window looks out on the front grounds, while the dining area has a picture window view of the back yard.

CORRIDOR STYLE

The kitchen, accessible from either living or dining section, has appliances and cabinets lined up along

opposite walls, corridor style. At the back, a dinette is backed by a bay window.

From the main foyer you can also walk through to the rear foyer, where a balcony looks down on the spacious recreation room under the living area. It's a wonderfully big room, with a built-in snack bar that makes serving fun.

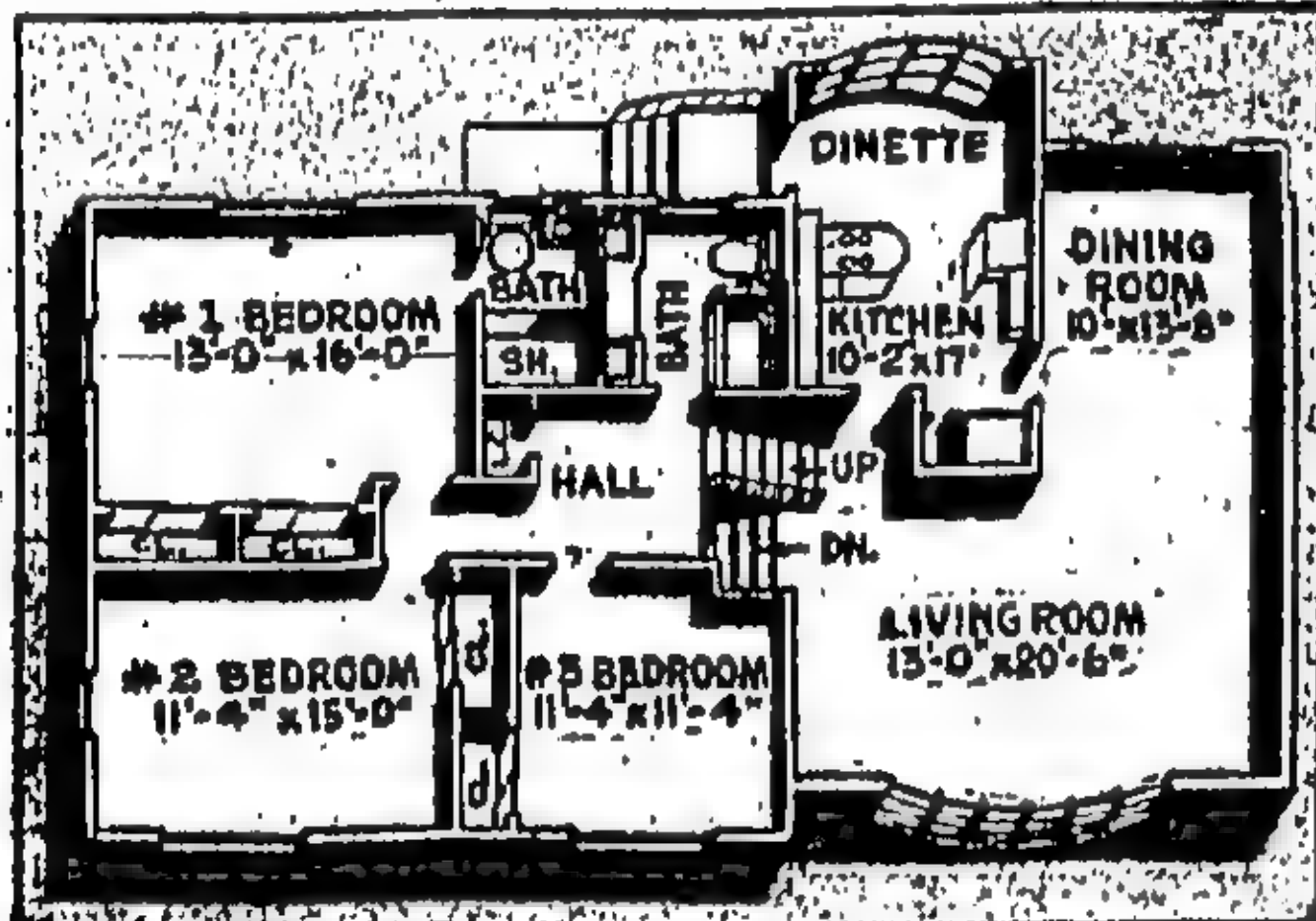
THREE BEDROOMS

The bedroom floor is a few steps above the living

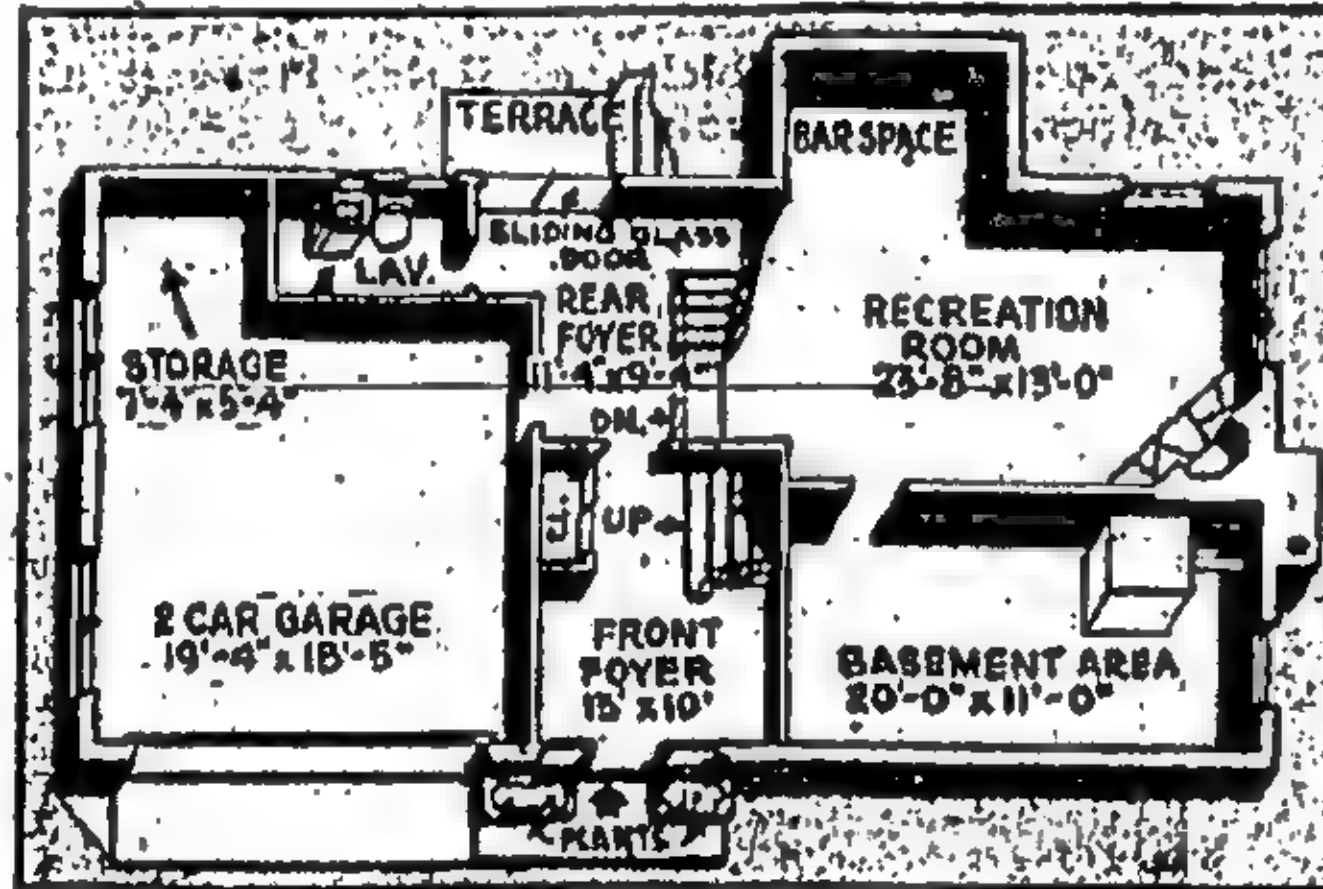
area. There are three bedrooms, each with good closet space. The master bedroom, with double closets, has its own private bath. The main bath is close to the stairway.

Below the bedrooms is a two-car garage with a storage closet. On the same level, opening off the rear foyer, is a lavatory and the exit to the rear terrace.

The Devonshire comprises 1,850 square feet; 22,640 cubic feet.



THREE BEDROOMS and two baths occupy the top level. On the main floor are the kitchen and living dining room.



A RECREATION ROOM with a snack bar is located in the basement. The two-car garage has a corner for storage.

1 DINE WITH LONDON'S TOP HOSTESSES . . . NO. 2

Lady Rose lets me into her serving secret

COLD DISHES TO START AND FINISH
MEAN NO UNNECESSARY INTERRUPTIONS

LADY ROSE is one of the five daughters of the Marquess of Anglesey, a great beauty, and one of Chelsea's leading hostesses.

A widow, she lives with two schoolgirl daughters in one of those delightful smallish houses in Smith Street. She has to get up very early each morning to go to Covent Garden to buy flowers for the flower business she runs.

by

HELEN
BURKE

In the evening she likes to give small dinner-parties. "Usually about six people, and I don't believe in mixing mortal enemies"—in the dining-room overlooking a small paved garden. "I like the dining-room to look festive," she said. "I always have flowers, of course, and usually candles, too."

"I do not go in for very elaborate parties, because I work so hard," she added. "Another thing: I have only a cook and must myself wait on table, so we always have, first, a cold course, followed by a hot one and then another cold dish. That way the conversation need not be interrupted."

English food

"Conchita, my cook, is Spanish, but, as I do not like Spanish cooking, we have mostly, rather English food. 'For instance, I like to start with something original,' like smoked trout with horse-radish sauce or halved firm heart of lettuce, served cold with a pinch each of salt and sugar and with melted butter with a touch of garlic and lemon in it poured on top. Then, probably, we will follow with lovely underdone roast beef and seasonal vegetables. My favourite sweet is fruit salad."

"There is one unusual one made with nothing but grapefruit cut in pieces and grapes, poached, halved and with the pips removed. This is sweetened a little, if necessary. Whipped cream is passed separately. You

have no idea how refreshing that salad is."

"But Conchita has a coffee soufflé which I think is rather wonderful. If you can manage to understand her I'll ask her to give you the recipe."

So, presently, I found myself in Conchita's spotless large light kitchen, with more than enough putting-down space. Conchita has little English but I have always found that, in a kitchen, two can converse in two languages and understand each other perfectly.

Coffee soufflé

You would probably say that this is a mouse. Anyhow, this is how you make it.

Make quarter pint very strong coffee with coffee and milk, no water. Let it cool a little, then beat it into three egg yolks in a bowl. Stand the bowl in hot water and cook until the

mixture coats a spoon. Dissolve a level tablespoon of hot powdered gelatine in three tablespoons water, warmed just enough to melt it. Stir into the coffee and eggs. Leave to become somewhat cool, then mix in half pint whipped cream, not too stiff, and fold them into the other mixture.

Turn all into a lovely serving dish and put it into the refrigerator for an hour. Decorate with whipped cream and crystallized violets.

Caldo

It seemed a pity not to get from Conchita a recipe for a good, homey Spanish dish, so she gave me "Caldo," a really wonderful soup, the meat from which is served cold, dressed with mayonnaise, at another meal.

Here is her recipe, no quantities given. But these can be adjusted to suit oneself. Put chicken, beef, veal and pork in a large pot and cover them with plenty of cold water. Add pepper and salt to taste

Add haricot beans (soaked overnight), onions, carrots and a chopped skinned tomato. Cover and cook slowly for three to four hours. Add cabbage during the last 30 minutes. Strain the soup and add to it cooked "Angel's Hair," the finest of the pasta family.

Poussins

Sometimes, Lady Rose substitutes individual baby poussins for a joint. These little birds are stuffed with stoned prunes and pine kernels and are baked, together with a carrot and an onion, in butter and a good measure of sherry. During their cooking, the birds are basted with the sherry-butter.

"We always have a large bowl of soft, creamy bread sauce—not a mean little spot," said Lady Rose. "You'd be surprised how many people like it."

To return to Conchita's soup: It has just occurred to me that this is a Spanish pot-au-feu!

—(London Express Service).

A Boater, Some Veiling A Rose . . . AND SOPHIA



THE HUMBLE BOATER, PLUS VEILING, PLUS ROSE, PLUS INSPIRATION

PICTURED here you see how a top milliner transforms a cheap, untrimmed hat into the spectacular new boater—just with the aid of a length of veiling and a single rose.

It's the hat that caused a commotion when Sophia Loren wore it the other day. It's the hat that gave the name to the new boater, London and New York.

The price of these flower-and-veil trimmed hats is still on the luxury level. But a girl with know-how can buy a plain straw hat and trim it herself.

Already the millinettes are coming on to the deep-crowned boaters. These are a half-pigeon of veiling to shape round the crown and trim the hat. It is so easy to make. You be a good one.

Just a twist MME. VERNIER, who makes hats for the Duchess of Kent, twisted the veiling lightly round the crown four times, starting at the back; then gathered the raw end and tucked it under the veiling, again, at the back.

She spread the veiling lightly over the brim and caught the first layer down with two stitches on either side of the crown.

She placed the rose above the left eye with the stem going across the crown. The total cost of this hat was £2 2s. 6d. (hat 7s.; 11d. mesh veiling 10s.; 6d.; rose £1 4s.), plus unobtainable flair of a hat genius. "Above all, keep the veiling light and keep it loose," says Mme. Vernier. "If you crush it as you would it, the round the brim. Use as few quivers as you may."



LOREN AND STYLE SETTING HAT.

Stitching the veiling. And how the rose can be made to look like a flower when you move.

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Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick

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CHANGING AFRICAN WOMEN

AFRICAN women, caught up in "agonizing transitions," need the sympathetic understanding of American and European women. Mrs. Dorothy Steere said following a three and one-half month trip through the Dark Continent.

"They have an important place in the continent's development. Much depends on their capacity to adjust from the old life of the tribe to the changing demands of Western civilization," she said.

Mrs. Steere and her husband, Dr. Douglas Steere, professor of philosophy at Haverford College, visited Africa for the American Friends Service Committee, a Quaker agency.

African women still living in simple, tribal communities of the bush have difficult roles in relation to their husbands, she said.

In the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya, the education of women lags far behind that of the men. During the Mau Mau movement, many of the women fell under the fanatical leaders. They were among the most ardent participants in the social crimes of the protesters, she said.

Problems of another group of African women involve those who leave the security of the tribe for the city. They often live on "locations" in small houses with little or no land. "Children have fewer tribal pulls, yet much depends on what the African mother selects and transmits to her children."

Like Leopoldville in the Congo are setting up social welfare centers for girls and women. Vocational schools are opening to teach textile work, said Mrs. Steere.

Household Hints

To restore the sheen to chintz curtains add a small piece of wax (about the size of a walnut for one pair of curtains) to a hot starch solution. Stir in the wax thoroughly before dipping the curtains.

Ornamental cut or etched glassware is brighter and clearer when scrubbed with a soft brush dipped in a baking soda solution. Rinse, then wipe with a soft towel.

To loosen tight screws or bolts, place a few drops of peroxide on them and let soak in for a few minutes.

Add a pinch of poultry seasoning to waffle batter when topping the waffles with creamed chicken or turkey.

To bake potatoes quickly, wash them in boiling salted water for 10 minutes, drain and place them in the oven.

Hot ironing will be easier and faster if cut from top to bottom instead of across.

Cover rough spots on silver with a thin coat of toothpaste. Rub with a soft cloth.

Soak rough spots on silver with a thin coat of toothpaste. Rub with a soft cloth.

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The big defence row— is Sandys too rigid?

MR DUNCAN SANDYS'S rigid approach to the Service, is causing deep concern to an increasing section of Conservative opinion in the House of Commons.

They ask in what direction is he leading the country? In what shape will our fighting services be recast if he has his way?

Incautious

The speeches of the Air Marshals which have caused such a hubbub were without doubt incautious. For, to enter the field of politics, to misquote Belloc, "is not the function of the fighting man." Nevertheless, one has considerable sympathy with their views.

For there is being brought about in the fighting services a revolution which the public has not yet begun to understand. The political history of the Ministry of Defence, Mr Duncan Sandys, promoter of this revolution, is relevant to understanding it.

Thoroughness

Chosen by his father-in-law to rule over the Ministry of Supply and bring about the denationalisation of steel, Mr Sandys applied himself with a terrible thoroughness to the latter task, achieving his object with success and acclamation, but reducing his civil servants almost to desperation, and appearing to neglect completely the other functions of the Ministry of Supply.

This gives us a clue to Mr Sandys's character, illustrating his application and dedication to one object which he takes out of its context and subjugates and

masters, while ignoring all other considerations and effects. This rigidity of approach appeals to many to have certain drawbacks.

Germanic

As a young man after leaving Oxford he went to Germany to study the customs and characteristics of that country. One is inclined to wonder if this was the formative period of his life, for there is in his love of detail, his over-simplification, his devotion to work, his single-mindedness, more than an echo of the Junker spirit and the old German military tradition.

It is worth considering the general lines upon which this policy is based. Apparently he believes that our safety lies in the building up of weapons for nuclear retaliation and relying on them to prevent war, and at the same time, in order to economise, he is prepared to accept the gradual reduction of our conventional forces to a point which some consider dangerously low.

This policy, say his critics, is unrealistic, as the real deterrent to Russia lies not in our atomic armament but in the power of America, for we must inevitably — however much money we spend — lag far behind them and Russia.

They also argue that it is a policy which only applies to a



by LORD
LAMBTON

Tory MP for Warwick-on-Tweed.

There is a sign, however, that Mr Sandys's castle in Spain is beginning to crumble.

Mr George Ward, at the Air Ministry appears to have won a reputation of the human element which Mr Sandys wished to diminish. There is a growing realisation that conscription may not after all be allowed to end in 1961.

Alarm

What this bodes for Mr Sandys it is difficult to tell. But what continues to cause alarm to many is the rigidity of his mind, and his inability to see that his policy represents hardly more than adding a bolt to a door which the Americans have already chained and locked, and the virtual sacrifice of that military strength which alone can bring realism to our Foreign Policy.

(London Express Service).

Limited

If Mr Sandys has his way the whole British Army will be reduced in size to less than half of this French force, and with this limited number, Britain will be expected during the coming years to have a policy in those areas where only conventional arms can be used.

This is a stress, for it must be remembered that unless this country has at its disposal a certain power and force it can have no authority, and it is one of the curiosities of the present situation that the Foreign Secretary should appear to regard with equanimity the reduction of those forces which alone can give any substance to his future policies.

WITH CHILDREN BACK AT SCHOOL AGAIN: A CLOSE LOOK AT THE TOPIC OF THE MOMENT IN A MILLION HOMES

Homework —and why I say 'Keep it!'

BY AMANDA MARSHALL

AND now again comes summer time — when the living is easy for everyone except the school-age martyr to homework, chained to irregular verbs in the long light evenings, and savagely aware that every other living soul is whacking tennis balls and loafing about in punts.

A good, sunny summer is a thing dreaded by parents, homework-ridden for the second time in their lives and still unreconciled to it.

My own personal experience of homework was exhaustive, and as I now remember it, nasty, brutish, and anything but short, building up to marathon sessions at fairly regular intervals just before major examinations.

In spite of my untender memories of the sheer slog and the feeling of the bitter injustice of it all, that are so inseparable from homework, I still do not see how the beastly business can possibly be avoided — especially in these fiercely competitive days of The Buz.

Watch them

I asked the opinion of a private tutor with a lifetime's experience of teaching, and she gave me one very interesting reason for the necessity of homework: "Without it, many children would not concentrate at all during class." She was not specially in favour of banishing children to an upstairs study. "They look out of the window, think about something else, waste far too much time. Better to have them downstairs somewhere where there's someone coming, attending the same London day-in and out from time to time, school, has learned to be there to keep an eye on whether it's really getting done."

On the vexed question of Should Parents Help, she said: "Too much back-seat driving just a good thing—but parents can be a great help over donkey-work such as hearing irregular verbs."

Jean MacGibbon, wife of a literary agent and mother of three children, two at university and one still at school, also said her husband had done a good deal of irregular-verb drill in his time, but at least one of her children had never so much as shown her any homework, let alone asked for help.

Working-tips

She felt that homework was absolutely unavoidable, and said that all her children had simply got on with it—"If things ever seemed too heavy, we spoke to the school and the child dropped a subject."

She raised some interesting working-tips for homework-troubled parents—"If possible, give the children a room each with a fire and a good light, and give them something to eat before they start."

"Get them to clear weekend homework on Saturday morning. Don't expect children with exams ahead to give too much help in the house. Explain to younger children why one of the family may be getting special concessions at those times. And children do homework more easily and willingly if their mother is there from tea-time onwards—not necessarily in the room, just somewhere about."

Essential

John Coates, the novelist, father of four sons who have all simply said "yes" to homework, says: "I simply can't see how you can cram the whole of education into the hours at school."

"There were two hellish years to start with when the eldest had to begin homework—the bitter unfairness of it—we all hated it—but now it's ceased to be a problem and they're all self-trained."

"The eldest one, still at school, chooses his own times for doing it, up to any hour, after he's played his records and practised that awful machine he's learning—the trombone—no, it's the oboe—and the youngest comes in and sits down right away and does the stuff so that we can all breathe."

Joan Trimble, the pianist and composer, married to a doctor, and mother of three children at school, said she thought a lot of parents worried their children too much about homework.

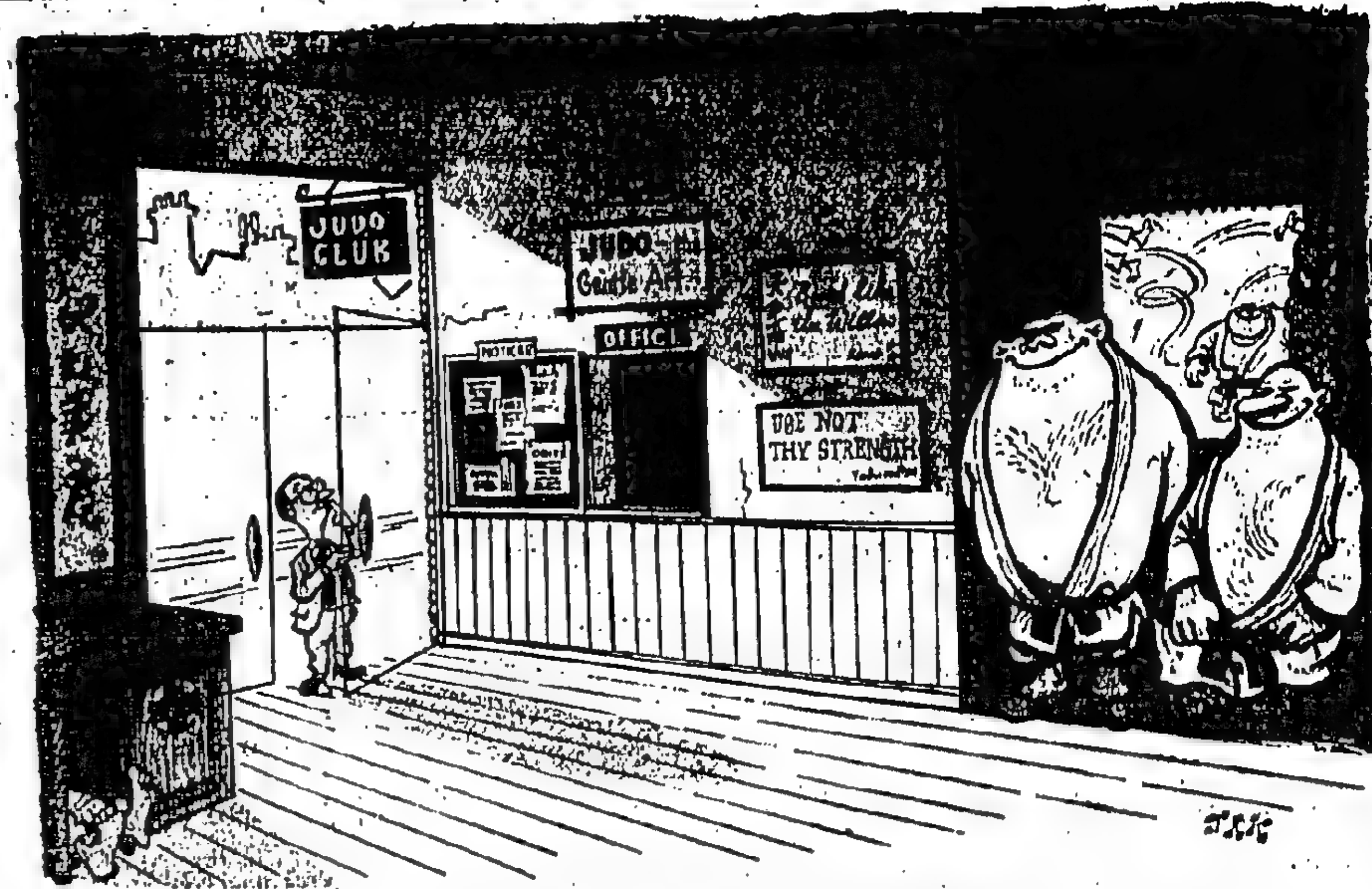
"Our son likes to do his among the family. As far as help goes, we try to help him to help himself—show him how to look things up, or explain something he may not have understood."

Crowded

In boarding-schools, where prep is supervised, children are inclined to work faster and dawdle less, but the help factor is never altogether eliminated (I once had a very reasonable neighbour at the next desk who used to work out all her algebra in a good clear round hand visible at three feet on a clear afternoon in exchange for my handy Gallic War crib, and I can't feel this helping-hand system will ever die).

The real problem is often a big family jammed into too few rooms which have to be shared with a television set, and some sort of social life, however limited, for the parents.

But abolish homework—do, I simply can't see how you can cram the whole of education into the hours at school.



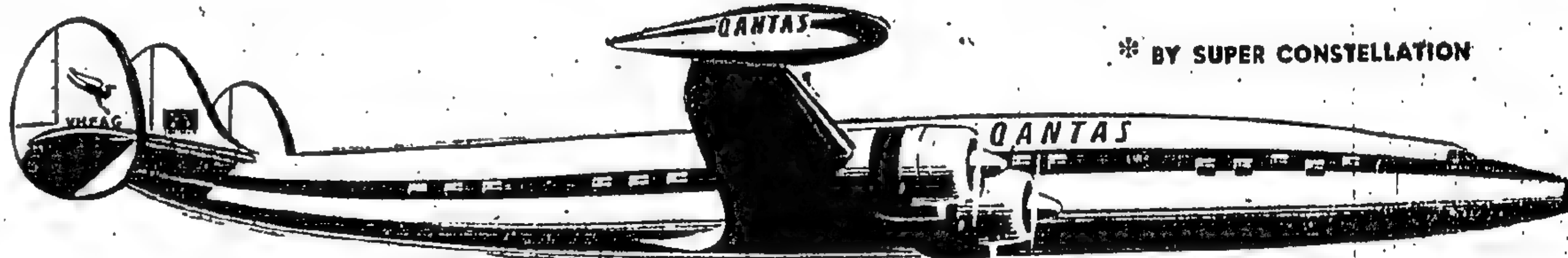
"Ah! 'Ere comes another little lamb to the slaughter, Geoffrey!"

London Express Service

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the Australian service will improve the booking situation, traffic is such that intending travellers are still advised to make forward arrangements at the earliest possible date. See your Qantas travel agent.

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Whistle Stop Special

Is the Disc Boom blown out?

1 FROM THE INSIDE

NO—only the bad ones are not selling

by
CYRIL STAPLETON

WHAT is the true state of the recording industry? After the most fantastic boom, there is now talk of catastrophe.

The other day came first hint that the disc boom may be blowing out.

Board of Trade figures showed a dip in sales of nearly 3,000,000 records between January and February this year.

So I have been investigating, and the people who really know laughed in my face when I asked about the "slump."

Now the facts as I got them:

Top record last April, Lonnie Donegan's "Cumberland Gap." Total sales 285,000.

Top record this April, Perry Como's "Magic Moments." Total sales 700,000—and it is still clocking up the takings at the rate of 12,000 a day.

I tried the previous best-seller.

Again, Frankie Vaughan's "Garden of Eden" hit the Top of the Table in February 1957 at 450,000. This February, "Story of My Life" by Michael Holliday has 600,000 sales on the register—and it is still selling.

If one record outfit's release are not snapped up quickly, gloom prevails. The boom, some people say, is ending. But the simple truth is merely that another company is snatching the profits.

Some record dealers have gone bust. Why? The boom attracted quite a few inexperienced optimists dreaming of easy money.

Wrong!

They overstocked with the wrong type of record, then wondered why the losses were higher than the profits. Bad organisers fail in any business.

How did the rumours begin? The dismal figures made the mistake of comparing spring sales figures with those of the peak business period of December and January.

In spring, of course, record buyers are thinking more of holidays than records. There is not much doubt that some record dealers cut down their orders, anticipating a purchase tax reduction.

In the words of Mr E. R. Lewis, head of Decca: "If the record industry is dead, it's the most lively corpse I've ever seen."

And Decca claims that its month-by-month sales figures are—in every case—50 per cent up on last year.

2 FROM THE SHOPS

YES!

by JOHN LAMBERT

THE record shop had 20,000 discs behind the counter—and two customers. The manager pointed out the contrast himself.

"It's exaggerated, of course," he admitted, "but still indicative. The simple fact is that there is a slump in the record business."

How big is the slump? I spent the other day covering a cross-section of record counters in London to find out. The average figure was a 35 per cent drop in disc sales during the last three months. And that

THESE NAMES ARE RIDING THE TOP THIS WEEK

1 **WHOLE LOTTA WOMAN.** Marvin Rainwater (MGM) (2).



2 **MAGIC MOMENTS.** Perry Como (RCA) (1).



3 **SWINGIN' SHEPHERD BLUES.** Ted Heath (Decca) (3).



4 **A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE.** Pat Boone (London) (7).



5 **TEQUILA.** The Champs (London) (6).

7 **IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW.** Pat Boone (London) (10).

9 **BREATHLESS.** Jerry Lee Lewis (London) (12).

11 **LA DEE DALL.** Jackie Dennis (Decca) (8).

6 **WHO'S SORRY NOW?** Connie Francis (MGM) (9).

8 **NAIROBI.** Tommy Steele (Decca) (5).

10 **MAYBE BABY.** Crickets (Coral) (4).

And **TWELFTH MAN.** The Chordettes with LOU LOR (London). Last week's 12th man, Jerry Lee Lewis, is now in the First Eleven.

THE FIRST ELEVEN IS COMPILED IN CO-OPERATION WITH NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS.

THE EVER-CHANGING TREND IN MUSIC... NOW IT'S SHUFFLE!

INTEREST in folk music of all kinds is snowballing. We are threatened with a spate of native music from South Africa.

When the producers of the television serial "The Killing Stones" gave it a musical theme, they did not dream of any fuss.

Atmospheric record they chose was "Tom Hark," by Elms and his Zig-Zag Jive Fiddlers.

Now the frantic search is on, and the backroom boys of Tin Pan Alley are rushing around with contracts looking for more.

Gay Tyngate-Smith, a dancing teacher, has drilled a team of dancers in steps to fit the simple South African rhythms, and demonstrate the Kwela Foot Jive in the next "55 Special" show. Music used will be "Like Spikes."

If you think that strange, let me call your attention to a record before me on my desk called "Pla-Kuka-Ung-Kung."

Send for a linguist!

LET us raise a cheer for yet another future star—22-year-old Barry John. I have just heard his first record, "Are You Sincere?" Verdict: Excellent debut, and a fine, robust voice that could be a gift to British musical comedy.

Barry gave up a steady job as a bank clerk to walk the tight-rope between fame and starvation.

"I'm not quite starving at the moment," he tells me. "But I'll be glad when the summer comes."

That is a cryptic way of saying that he has been booked for a holiday engagement at Folkestone.

It is the usual story: it is rough at the start unless you have a gimmick. Barry insists on sinking his future on a voice alone.

As many signs indicate that the ballad is coming back, I have a feeling that Barry will not starve much longer.

THE jazz circus is coming to town with Norman Granz, impresario, and his Jazz at the Philharmonic. What a slice of jazz history it contains.

Sing for my money is stately Ella Fitzgerald. First Lady of Song. Ella has fans whom other singers just dream about—Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney. In fact, practically every singer who ever drew breath is her fan.

She has been in the entertainment business for 21 years, and is still counted as a modernist.

Her supporting artists in the Granz presentation are bebop innovator Dizzy Gillespie and one of the greatest figures of jazz, Coleman Hawkins.

Tenor saxist Hawkins has been an idol ever since he came here to play with Jack Hylton's orchestra nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Few men on the jazz scene have retained their stature through the years as has the Hawk. He is one of the real giants of recording. I shall make a point of hearing him.

THERE are frustrating in-and-outs in the record business. Ronnie Hilton made his entry into the 55-Parade with a powerful ballad, "I May Never Pass This Way Again."

This week he is pushed out by Robert Earl's new recording. Title: "I May Never Pass This Way Again."

Depressing thought, isn't it?

JAZZ DISCS

by NOEL GOODWIN

QUINCY JONES: "This is how I feel about Jazz" (H.M.V. CLP.1162; 12in. LP) ***. The more I hear of this gifted Chicago-born composer and arranger, 25 last month, the more I want to. Here he produces six numbers, three of them his own originals, tailor-made in style and content to suit the medium-to-big bands who play them. Style: modern but earthy. Performance: solidly swinging but tentative, especially from trumpeter Art Farmer, tenor saxist Lucky Thompson and trombonist Jimmy Cleveland among others.

GIGI GRYCE-QUINCY JONES: "Charlie" (Esquire 32-042; 12in. LP) ***. More of Quincy Jones's compositions, shared with others by 30-year-old Gigi Gryce, played by the Art Farmer Sextet and recorded four-to-five years ago.

Top rating: Five stars

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Simple I.Q.

By Harry Weinert



CAN YOU BOIL AN EGG FOR YOURSELF OR DO YOU HAVE TO HANG AROUND UNTIL SOMEONE GETS UP AND DOES IT FOR YOU?



IF JUNIOR TAKES A CLOCK APART IS IT A SIGN OF INTELLIGENCE OR JUST PLAIN CUSSINESS? AND WHERE DID YOU GET THE IDEA THAT YOU CAN PUT IT TOGETHER AGAIN?



POP, IF YOU WANTED TO BECOME A LADY WRESTLER, HOW WOULD YOU GO ABOUT IT?



DO YOU FILL YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN IN THE EVENING, WHEN THE SEDIMENT IS ALL STIRRED UP—OR DO YOU GET AROUND EARLY?



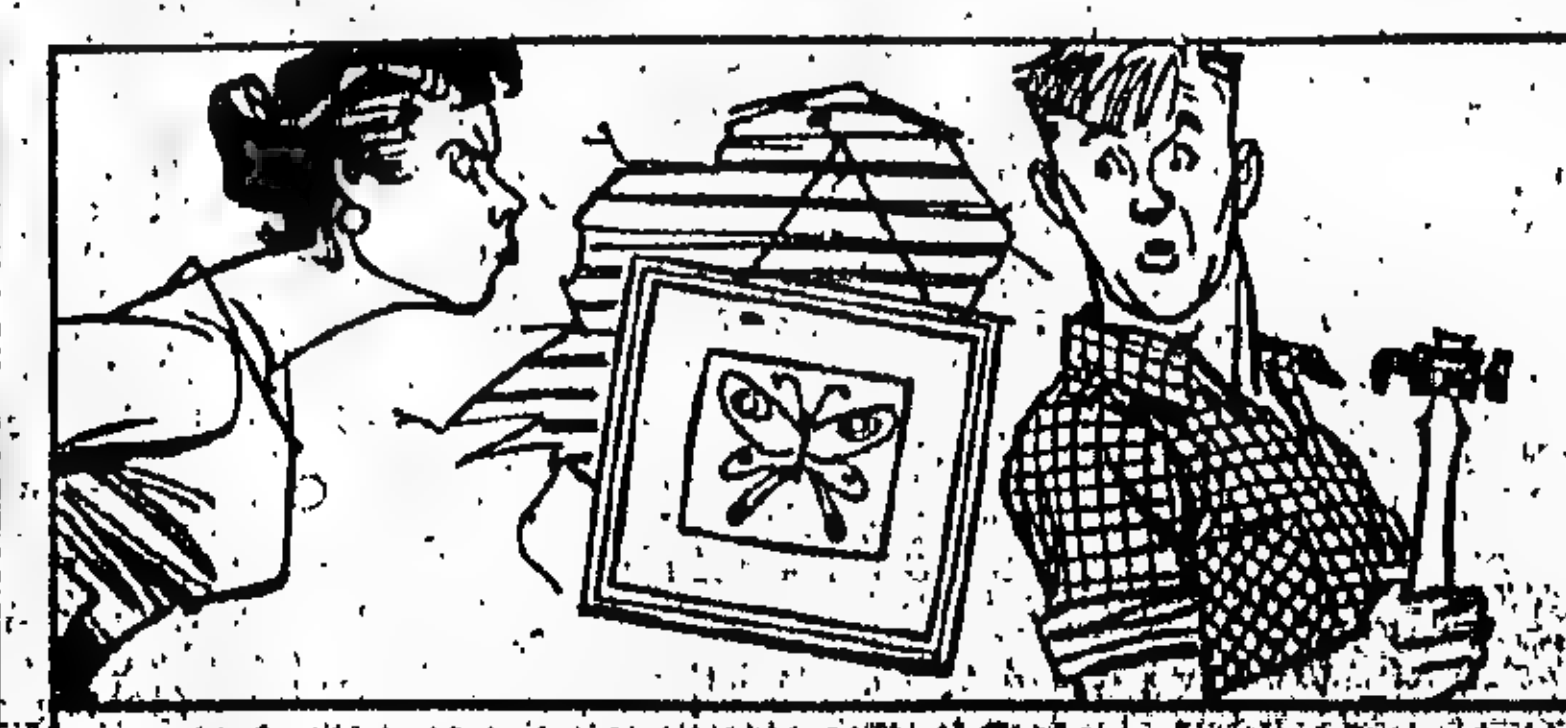
DO YOU TURN YOUR SALARY OVER TO YOUR WIFE INTACT—OR DO YOU STASH SOME OF IT AWAY FOR PERSONAL USE?



HAVE YOU LEARNED HOW TO SIGNAL FOR A TURN—OR DO YOU WAVE YOUR ARM AROUND AS IF SOMEONE WAS TICKLING YOU?



DO YOU ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS FOR DINNER BEFORE HE EATS BREAKFAST—OR AFTER, WHEN HE'S STUFFED?



DID YOU MARRY A MAN WITH BRAINS—OR ONE WITH BRAWN, WHO KNOCKS DOWN HALF THE HOUSE WHENEVER HE SOCKS A NAIL?

The Pork-knocker Fails To Beat His Fate

BLACK MIDAS. By Jan Carew. Secker and Warburg. 16s. 288 pages.

"PORK-KNOCKER" is what they call the coloured diamond miners in British Guiana. These are not workers in modern industrial mines, but free-lance prospectors staking out their individual claims in the up-country jungle and working them with five or six partners.

It is a tough life, as Mr Carew describes it, and a wild one. Like all pioneers, these coloured pork-knockers drink hard, live hard, and work even harder.

Vicious circle

It's a life, too, that gets under your skin. Every pork-knocker dreams of striking it rich, and then retiring on the proceeds to the local town; but every true pork-knocker, if he does strike lucky, goes into town and blows the lot, and returns to start all over again from scratch.

In Black Midas one such diamond prospector, Shark, tells his own story in a lively and racy style. Shark has brought up in his native village by his grand-parents. His father had been a famous pork-knocker who died in a mine accident, and the lure of the life is in Shark's blood.

Shark is a bright boy, who gets a bit of education and escapes from the village to become apprenticed to a doctor in a nearby town. But at the first opportunity he makes off to try his luck in the diamond fields.

He seems to have inherited his father's lucky touch, and in a few years he has made himself quite a fortune. These, if he only knew it, were his happy years. He becomes a fabulist figure among the miners—his name is woven into the Blues they sing round the campfire.

But he has a staunch friend in Bullish, the ex-boxer bar-owner, and a devoted mistress in Belle, one of the mature girls from the brothel in the big city.

Shark, in fact, has reached the crisis of every successful pork-knocker.

Settling down

With Bullish and Belle he sets out for the city, determined to live sensibly, buy land, and settle down to farming it; and he has seemed up till then sensible enough to bring it off.

But the city has seen thousands of successful pork-knockers arrive with their stacks of money and their good intentions, and knows all too well just how to corrupt them.

It's the same for Shark. It isn't long before the fool and his money are parted, his savings are all wheeled out of him and invested in a dud sawmill, and Shark is on his way back to the diamond fields as broke as when he first began.

Jan Carew, the author, comes from British Guiana, and being himself of mixed Negro, Dutch, South American, Indian, and Portuguese descent, he knows these people well. He catches in his dialogue the lilt of their speech, and his background descriptions of people and places, of village life and the mine, and big city ways brim with life and colour.

His story loses some of its thrust as three quarters way through, but this still remains a very promising and interesting first novel.

RICHARD LISTER
(London Express Service).

FICTION SHELF

by PHILIP OAKES

A CHANGED MAN. By Paul Ferris. Hutchinson, 15s. Sprightly, but somehow slapdash comedy about a stumble-footed young fogey, at odds with his marriage, his job, and his feelings. Well in the contemporary current—with a hero trying to manipulate life with boxing gloves on—but without enough steam to stay the course.

KATYANA BLOOD. By Edgar Mitchell. Secker and Warburg, 21s. Second massive instalment in Mitchell's saga of the redoubtable Van Groeneweg family working out their dynastic destiny in British Guiana. The mixture pretty much as before, with quick-to-strip heroines, black magic and insanity on the old plantation. Some ragged writing, but undeniable narrative power.

HILDA MANNING. by Alan Seeger. Peter Davies, 15s. Well-written story of a farmer's young wife who weakens unwittingly with sex appeal as strong as a death ray. No catch—penny sensationalism. Solidly detailed setting of a small town in the American Mid-West, and a full-length study of a woman like a candle-flame, powerless to prevent assorted misers frying themselves to a crisp.
(London Express Service).

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

14TH (WHITSUN) RACE MEETING

Saturday 24th and Monday 26th May, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 19 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 2.00 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.30 p.m. on the 1st Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 12.00 Noon and the First Race run at 12.30 p.m. The 15th Race will be the Third Race (1.50 p.m.).

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 12.00 Noon on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years. Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$38.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 8,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 8,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 23rd May, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 8,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$24.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street on

Monday to Fridays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Saturday 17th May 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday 24th May 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

Monday 26th May 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon

Monday to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 17th May 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER AND NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tip Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

POP



Pop secret



Saturday Soccer Spot

OUR PRESTIGE AT STAKE

HKFA Must Use Good Offices Of FIFA To Protect It

By I. M. MACTAVISH

In the Far East at the present time is our old friend Jack Skinner and it is perhaps opportune that he is in this part of the world in his official capacity as an officer of the Executive Committee of FIFA.

Hongkong football suffered a major disappointment recently when the officials of Spartak, the Yugoslavian team, failed to honour their obligations and cancelled their visit to the Colony at the last moment.

That cancellation cost the HKFA a fair sum of money and there is now a very real danger that they are going to drop through the bottom dropping out of the Blackpool project.

Blackpool may yet come to Hongkong and they may play to packed stands, but the fact that the negotiations have been extremely delicate and hazardous.

Hongkong is the most important centre of football in the Far East and in recent times it has set the pattern for many others to follow. At this vital stage in our prestige development, we cannot allow our position to be prejudiced by weakness and that is surely where Jack Skinner comes into the picture.

Few who know the facts will dispute the contention that we have had a raw deal both in the Spartak business and in the Blackpool negotiations. We are members of FIFA. Jack Skinner, who has already done so much for Hongkong football, is our representative at the highest level. He must take up our case. By so doing he will be striking a telling blow for all the smaller countries who play their football off the beaten track hoping that maybe the big powerful teams of the world will come their way occasionally.

It is these periodic visits of foreign teams that provide the changing patterns of world football. They are vital stimulants and it is therefore imperative that they should be carried through without all the doubts and uncertainties persisting at present.

I feel that we should ask for the "protection" of FIFA in matters such as we have recently experienced and I know that Jack Skinner would be glad to render any service to us that he can.

There is surely not much sense in being a member of a great international organisation like FIFA if one is going to tolerate injustices and humiliations from clubs of other countries who are also members, and if we suffer another disappointment through a collapse of the Blackpool plans I hope our legislators will not hesitate to take our "white paper" re-

velations to FIFA. We deserve better treatment than what we are getting.

My article last week about the allegations of the possible ineligibility of the Taiwan representatives who have gone to the Asian Games from Hongkong certainly let a few soccer cats among the pigeons. The substance of my report was given great prominence by sportswriters in many sections of the vernacular press although not all of them made it clear that I was reporting on behind-the-scenes activities and was not expressing my personal opinion as to whether or not the players were in fact eligible to play in Taiwan colours.

No Secrets

Let me say here and now that the story I told was no surprise to those closely connected with our football affairs and I am betraying no secrets when I say that the subject has more than once been discussed in private—by that I mean out of committee—by prominent members of the Hongkong Football Association.

Personally I have no axe to grind and with our abundance of talent it does not matter a great deal at this stage how a player decides his football loyalty, but a dangerous precedent is being created and, with the lesson of Ho Chung-yu still fresh in many memories, there is little doubt that the men responsible for nominating the Taiwan representatives are already casting their eyes among the younger players who may be the big stars of tomorrow.

Now that it is important to Hongkong football for a few years' time we could easily find ourselves in the fantastic position of being a major football power without an international representative side at our command while our stars, who are Hongkong born and bred and who have learned everything they know about the game in this Colony, are nipping off to represent another country.

Tied Up

The truth of the matter is that we have far too many players in our hands who are tied up to their necks in more than one football loyalty and when these loyalties come into conflict it is usually Hongkong that suffers.

During the week I heard it being seriously suggested that the HKFA should not have on its council anyone who has a direct or indirect connection with the arrangement, organisation or management of the affairs of any other national body.

That makes a lot of sense. It is inconceivable for example that England and Wales would have a common administrator whatever his capacity. It could not happen between Spain and Portugal, so why should it happen between Hongkong and any other country?

And now on a personal note. I have listened to arguments and discussed the Taiwan eligibility factor a score of times since last Saturday and I am firmly convinced that many of the people who have seen fit to enter the argument have never read the rules of the Asian Games and they have certainly never studied the FIFA rulings on international eligibility. Far too many of them are basing their points of argument on national loyalty as opposed to stark real-

ism, and they seem to believe that a piece of paper voluntarily signed determines one's eligibility.

As the rules of the Asian Games stand at present there is little doubt that a very strong case could possibly be made out against the Hongkong boys who are in Tokyo to represent Taiwan, and I know that many people are keeping their fingers crossed that it does not happen.

I think one of the important aspects of this matter which should be remembered is the fact that it has been brought up at all and why it has been brought up. In the present situation Hongkong stands to gain very little either way but the incident has surely sounded an important warning and placed a new urgency on the shoulders of the HKFA if they are to safeguard our soccer future adequately.

The undignified hunt for tickets for the proposed series of games against Blackpool has had many of the characteristics of the UK cup finals and international matches.

People who have openly admitted that they haven't seen a game here in ten years are using the power of their social position to demand tickets, although they unashamedly add the passing comment that they don't worry about local football but Blackpool is different.

How Selfish

How selfish can some folks be? The Hongkong Stadium, for all its grand appearance, is a comparatively small place with comfortable accommodation for just under 30,000 spectators, and it is packed to capacity many times each season by the genuine followers of the game in the Colony. They are the people who deserve every consideration in the distribution of tickets for a spectacular occasion such as a visit from Blackpool. It is a pity that the HKFA makes it possible for the HKFA to bring the big names to Hongkong.

The walls of the stadium are not elastic and the casuals can only be accommodated at the expense of the regulars. That is the injustice which should not be tolerated and we must give full marks to the HKFA for sticking to their normal system of ticket distribution.

I have heard many suggestions for alternative schemes without hearing of one that is better overall than the present arrangement. If it is fairly applied, and of course, there will be a large block of tickets available to the general public and they can be obtained by queuing up at the pre-sale boxes exactly as is done in the UK. Nuff said.

Football Then

Mr. Frederick Handy, of Stratford-on-Avon, retiring after 46 years as a railwayman, is reminiscing over the days when he played football for the village team, "recalls how players wore steel tips on their boots—the better, so it was said, to shoot with."

Sometimes they missed the ball—and caught the other fellow's shin. Mr. Handy can show an injury he received in this way—one that never healed. For nearly half a century, he has worn a shin guard to protect it.

Derby Joint Favourite



After its run-away win of 12 lengths in the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield Park last week, "Alcide," owned by Sir Humphrey de Trafford, has been made joint favourite with Bald Eagle for the Derby which takes place on June 4.

"Alcide" races with his tongue out, just as his sire, the great "Alycidon" used to do.

British Athletics Bosses Plan Scoop Of Season

By DESMOND HACKETT

British athletics bosses are moving with more energy than a four-minute miler to bring off the sports scoop of the season by presenting an America v. British Empire athletics match at London's White City on August Bank Holiday.

They plan to bring over the Americans as they return from a two-day match against the USSR in Moscow's Lenin Stadium, that vast assembly of stadia, tracks, and ski-run which I view with envy on my Moscow missions.

The bidding for the American athletics team will be fierce. Competition is coming from Sweden and Germany, and more European countries will be joining in to present this top billing in athletics.

The present show, due at London's White City on August 2 and 4 is Britain v. British Empire.

But if the Yanks are coming over here it will be British Empire v. U.S.A.—and two full houses totalling an audience of 108,000.

There will also be the prospect of the rewriting of the British record book.

SPORTS QUIZ

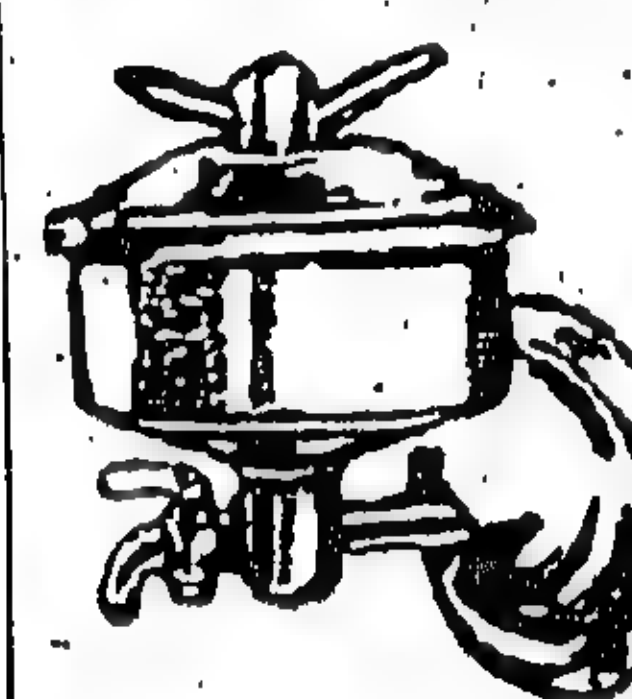
1. Floyd Patterson has been beaten only once in his professional boxing career. By whom?
2. Name the two golfers who have won the American Open Championship four times.
3. "The round piece of rose-coloured candy" was as hard as marble. What surname of well-known tennis players are hidden in this sentence?
4. Which is the only country to have been beaten in a Test cricket match by New Zealand?
5. In which sports are these terms used—*a) Christians b) casual c) short corner*?
6. Which big athletic event takes place this year at Cardiff Arms Park?
7. What do Master Robert, Jack Horner, and Mr. What, have in common?
8. What is the name of the club which grows the world golf?
9. Who is the only tennis player to have been a Wimbledon mixed doubles champion four years in succession?
10. What's the name of a cool miler's son? A cool miler's son is a half for his country, and a half for his country is a half for his country, and a half for his country is a half for his country.

(Answers on Page 17)



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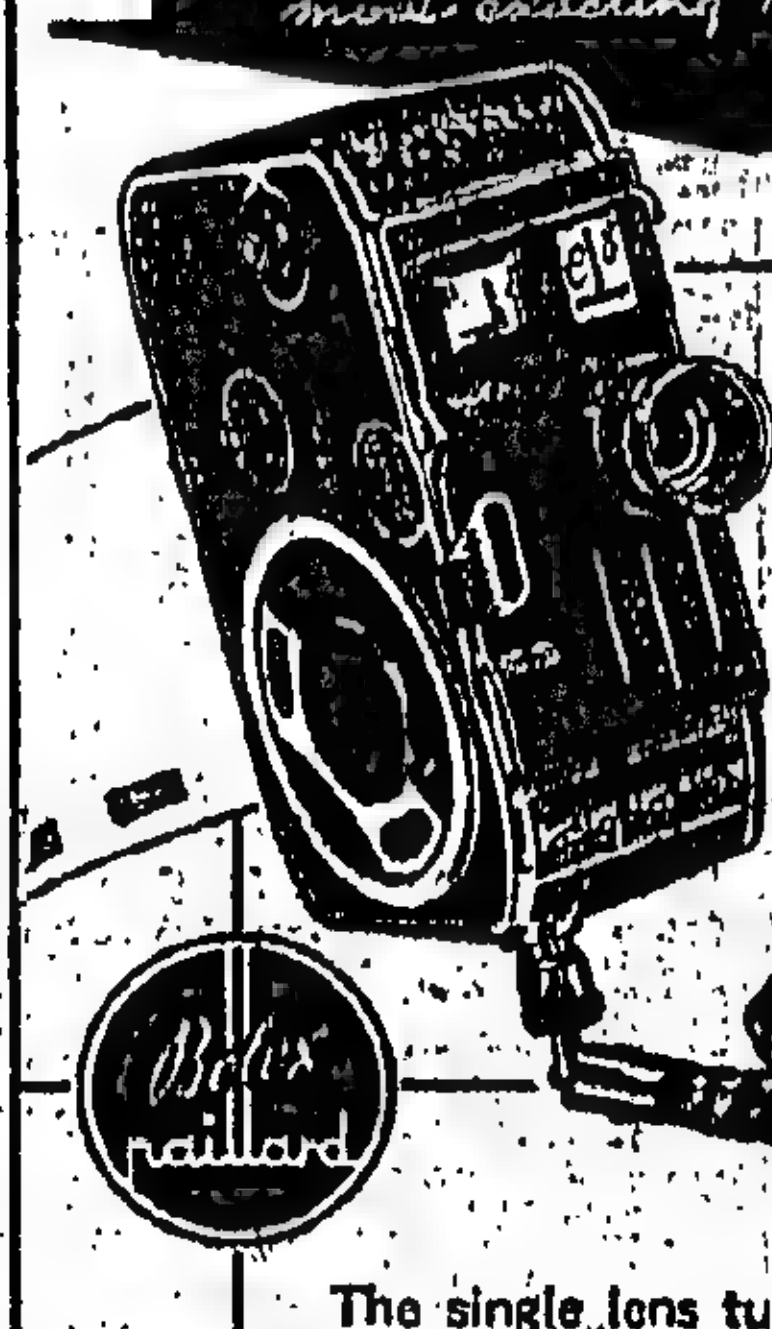
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PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace
Thompson

Boy

All over East Asia this word is used by Europeans in the sense of servant. According to Hobson Jobson it was once used in this way in Jamaica and other West Indian islands. I have not heard it so used in the West Indies, although "house-boy" as in general English does exist. House-boys, however, are exceedingly rare in those parts.

As boy in Anglo-Indian could be applied to servants of all ages it became necessary to distinguish in language between boy as a member of a social class and biological boy. China Coast Pidgin solved this problem by calling the latter *amalo-boy*. In older pidgin *bullo-chillo* (from bull-child) was also used. The place of *moe* in Anglo-Indian and Indo-Portuguese was probably taken early by boys which in the latter dialect existed until recently with the meaning of 'palanquin-bearer'; one who carries an umbrella or 'menial'.

I notice French residents in Hongkong using boy in an otherwise French conversation and there is documentary evidence of its use in French authors of one hundred years ago.

Hobson Jobson publishes the following as an early example of the use of boy in the East:

"I brought of them a Portuguese boy (which the Hollanders had given unto the King). He cost me fortie five dollars." Keelinien, 1609, in Purchas 1, page 190.

In letters from Madras the satirical remarks that "the real Indian ladies lie on a sofa, and if they drop their handkerchief, they just lower their voices and say Boy!" in a very gentle tone. The word is used in the same sense in Travels, The Dawk Hussagow, 1609, page 226: "Yes Sahib, I Christian Boy. Plenty poojah do. Sunday time never no work do."

Captain

Head waiter. The Pidgin form *cab-kun* is well documented. This word may be "reinforced" by the Portuguese form which has in general a wider application than the English, hence, for example, Japanese *kapitan*, ship's captain, leader of a company of workmen. Expressions showing strong Lusitanian influence such as *Captain Mor* (or *More*) were once common in Anglo-Indian.

Cumquat

Sometimes spell *cumquat* as in Hobson Jobson where it is defined as the fruit of *Citrus japonica*, a miniature orange which is often preserved for export. The word is a straight Cantonese loan. In writing it is represented by the characters *kin ku*.

Ginjal

This word and its many variants seems to be obsolete in modern Hongkong. Its place, in our day, being taken by *stirling-guns*, *greener-guns* and *H-bombs*. It is the Anglo-Indian *swivel* or *wall-piece*, *lanjal* in Hindi. Yule and Burnell derive it from Arabic *jazz'il*. In Ephraïme, Life, 1819, we read that in an engagement four Europeans were wounded in spite of their matchlocks and *ginjals*.

Dyer Ball in Things Chinese, 1890 page 32, defines *ginjals* or *jinjals* as "long tapering guns, six to fourteen feet in length borne on the shoulders of two men and fired by a third. They have a stand or tripod reminding one of a telescope."

Griffin

At one time a new arrival in Hongkong was a griffin as in other parts of the East, especially in India, a synonym for Johnny Newcome, who, as a rule, went West, and in every sense.

There is no satisfactory etymology for this word. Hobson Jobson says "there was an Admiral Griffin who commanded in the Indian seas from Nov. 1746 to June 1748, and was not very fortunate. Had his name to do with the origin of the term?"

It has also been suggested that this name was used for a Welshman in England during the seventeenth century.

Sensations Of Sports No. 1

By John Cottrell

The fight that Ended an Era

If you searched every gymnasium from Tonypandy to Timbuktu you would not find two boxers less alike than Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki. They were of different temperament and colour, with as much in common as a nuclear fission bomb and a sledge-hammer. Carpentier was the idol of all France, strikingly handsome, a supreme craftsman in the ring. Siki was from the wilds of Senegal, a fierce and reckless punch-slinger, devoid of style and finesse.

And yet, by a weird match-making manoeuvre, Carpentier and Siki were put together in the same ring on Sunday, September 24, 1922, to fight for the lightweight championship of the world.

Carpentier and Siki. For the fight between the match was a mixture of caviar and rice. They were faintly repelled by the combination, but were willing to pay just to savour the caviar.

They had their money's worth. For this farcical match produced what must surely be the most shattering and sensational finish in the history of the sport. And it ended the career of one of the greatest champions of all time.

Yet it was a fight that nobody really wanted. Siki was scared stiff, but he needed the money. Carpentier was not interested, but he wanted to answer the French critics who complained that their champion had not fought in Paris for three years.

But Georges Georges, raised second to the world heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, was not one to risk the title which he had wrested from the time-worn Battling Levinsky two years ago earlier. So Siki was selected as the least menacing of all possible contenders.

Agreement

It was too much to expect Siki to be a willing victim in this "exhibition" of Carpentier's all-round athletic brilliance. The French West African had won the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honour in the 1914-18 war. But there is a limit to human courage.

So the fight was fixed. And it was agreed that it should last at least four rounds to enable a newsreel firm to make a commercially feasible film. Siki would get a small percentage of the profits. Carpentier had generously agreed to pull his punches; Siki, in return, would take a few dives to the canvas, finally falling for a fake knock-out after

five or six rounds. Money for jam!

That's how it seemed. But it turned out very differently on that fateful Sunday afternoon in Paris.

Despite the pre-fight gentleman's agreement, Battling Siki was a frightened animal when he stepped into the ring. He was over-awed by the great Carpentier's reputation; he knew he was completely out of his class. As for the champion, he was so confident that he had not troubled to train for the bout.

Avalanche

This so predictable clash took place at the Velodrome Buffalo, Paris, and every Frenchman in the vast area was shouting for Carpentier. Siki came out of his corner with fear in his eyes, backing nervously around the ring as Georges, nonchalant and contemptuous, prodded his man with neatly planted lefts.

Act One of the farce had begun. The dusky West African was so scared that his knees were knocking, and once he went to the canvas without even being hit. The crowd howled for more action.

Round two, and Battling Siki went down again, this time for a count of six. Everything was going according to plan—or so it seemed. But then, unfortunately, Carpentier misjudged one of his punches. He hit Siki just a little too hard.

How by the blow and irritation by the crowd's jeering, Siki was seized by a fanatical hatred. He forgot his agreement to throw the fight. He forgot his opponent was light-heavyweight champion of the world. With savage fury he tore into the astonished Carpentier hurling punches anywhere and everywhere.

For Siki, it was the law of the jungle—kill or be killed—and he pursued the champion with homicidal intent. There was no method in his madness; this was the desperate rally of a man, half-scared, half-crazed.

Then—to the crowd's astonishment—one of Siki's wild blows landed on the target. It was a blow which would change the course of boxing history—a highly unorthodox right which exploded on Carpentier's jaw. The champion went down.

Carpentier was so surprised that he forgot to take advantage of the count and sprang back on his feet at the count of two. Siki was equally surprised to learn that his famous opponent was not invincible after all.

Carpentier now attacked with his famous straight right, but was overwhelmed by a furious avalanche of punches as Siki came in swinging.

By round three the champion's stamina was beginning to fail and he was wishing he had trained for the fight. A right hook floored the coloured man, but Siki rose almost immediately, swung three heavy blows to the jaw, and sent Carpentier down for a short count.

By round five the most handsome face in boxing was beyond recognition. Carpentier was bleeding at the mouth, from the nose, and around his right eye. But he held on gamely, with the slender hope that one mighty right-hander would save his title.

But he never had the chance to land it. In round six, a shattering right hook sent Carpentier crashing to the floor. The idol of France was down—and out.

Siki's newly-won admirers hoisted the victor on to their shoulders; the crowd cheered,

whistled, and stamped as they awaited the official verdict. But they were due for another shock on that Sunday of surprise.

Over the loudspeakers came the announcement which for a moment still the excited gathering into incredulous silence. Siki was not the winner, after all. The referee had disqualified him for tripping.

That did it. The howling mad crowd surged around the ring, screaming for justice. The referee was assaulted. It was more than an hour before the rioting fans could be brought under control.

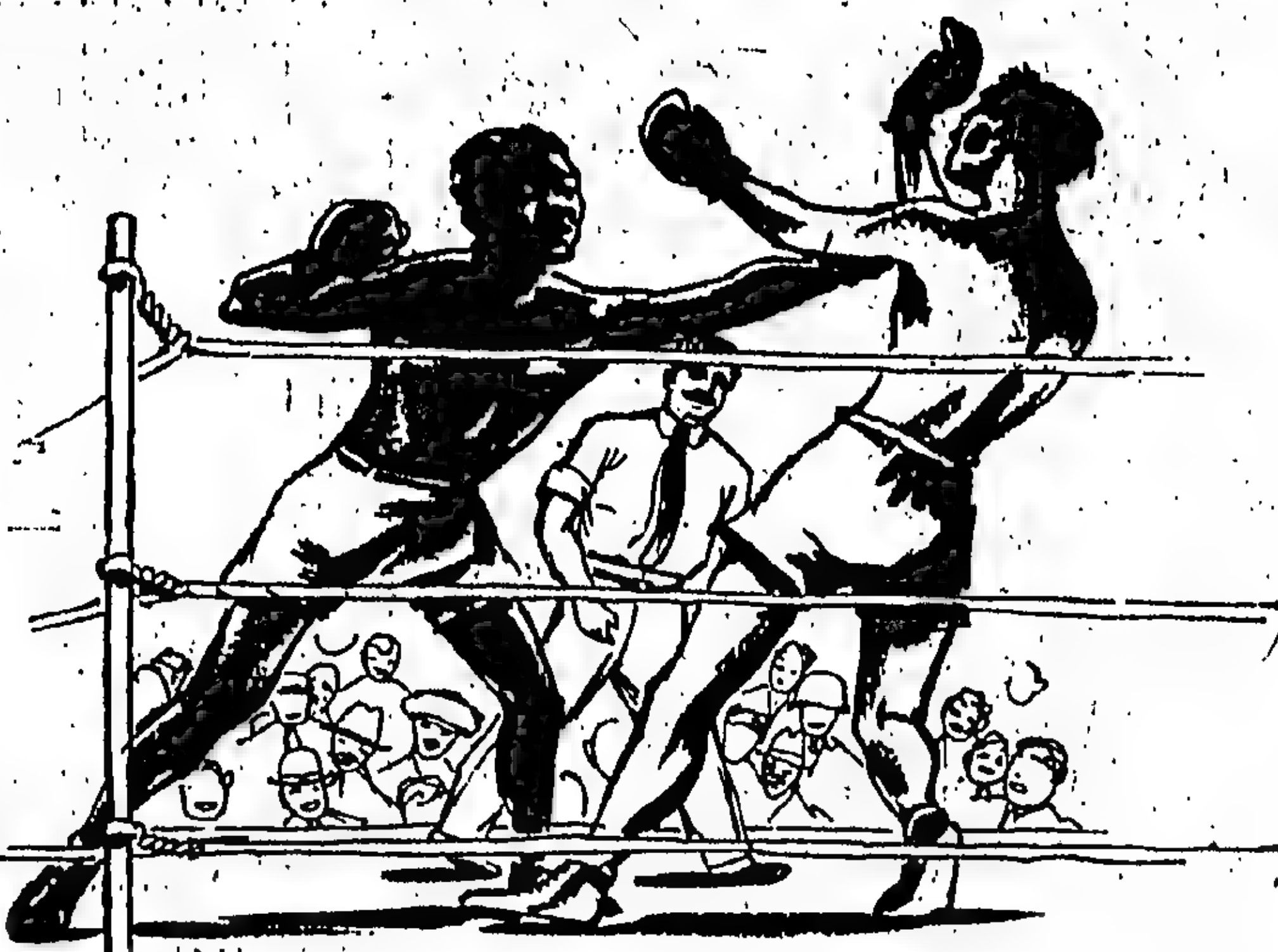
Then they were only silenced by a second announcement—that the judges had rescinded the referee's decision and had declared Siki the winner on a technical knock-out.

Ill-equipped

By all available evidence, this was the right decision. Carpentier had indeed been tripped in the sixth round, but at the same time his manager had thrown in the towel. Apparently the referee had not seen this gesture; but the crowd certainly did.

Thus, Battling Siki, with his rudimentary knowledge of boxing, became light-heavyweight champion of the world. And the fight, which was meant to be "fixed", brought down the curtain on the international championship career of the beloved Georges Carpentier.

Carpentier has reasonably claimed that he could have won



Georges Carpentier, the idol of Paris, receives a stinging left to the jaw from a half-scared, half-crazed Battling Siki.

by a knock-out in the first round. Instead, he was punished by a half-crazy opponent and paid the penalty for being partner to an attempt to fix a fight.

Siki paid the penalty, too. For that unexpected victory marked the beginning of his downfall. Overnight, the grinning, gesticulating, and simple-minded African became the idol of the boulevards. The fame and the adoration of women turned his head.

Siki, former dishwasher, waiter, circus clown, and restaurant "bouncer", was ill-equipped for the glitter and gaiety of Paris. He was quickly transformed into a braggart and a bully.

He was a heavy drinker (it is said that he trained on three bottles of cognac a day) and he stirred up trouble wherever he

went. The new champion did his fighting in gaming houses, saloons, and cafes, and he began to spend more time in prison cells than in the ring.

There is a legend that he once bought a leopard, took the beast on a taxi tour of Paris, and terrorised hundreds of people in a dance hall. Both Siki and the leopard ended up behind bars.

Unshakable

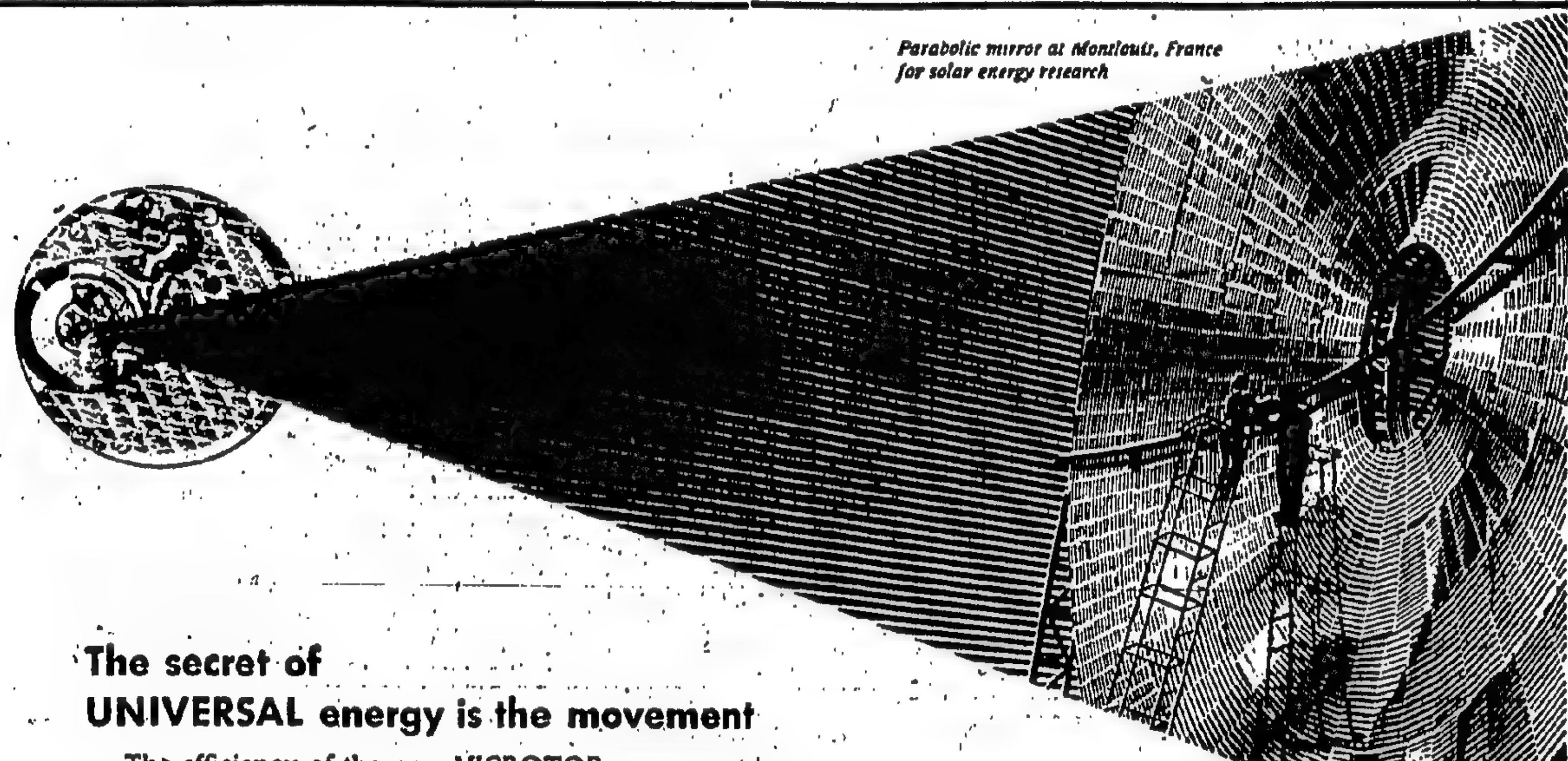
Soon Siki became so notorious a trouble-maker that he was forced to leave France. He chose to settle in New York, where he mixed with the dregs of society in a slum district called "Hell's Kitchen."

By this time Siki had lost his world title to Mike McGillicuddy in Dublin. He continued to get fights, but only because of his

extraordinary capacity for taking punishment. The stubborn and arrogant African just could not realize that he was a fighter without any boxing skill. His ego, it seems, was unshakable, and as a result he went on taking terrible beatings—in and out of the ring. Once he was taken for a ride by gangster and beaten up. In July, 1925, he was found lying in a gutter in "Hell's Kitchen"—seriously gashed with knife wounds and unconscious from loss of blood.

The stubborn Siki refused to name his assailants. And six months after the knifing incident, the 29-year-old wildest of the ring was found lying in the same gutter—with bullet and knife wounds in his back. The Savage from Senegal had died as violently as he had lived.

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"I hope you people realise you are wrecking the Government's economic policy with all these wage demands."

"Good gracious—another transport dispute?"

"Never mind where we were going, Beryl, remember—it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

Histories Of Famous Soccer Clubs

Scotch Team Helped Buy The English Cup—And Very Nearly Won It

By TIM GORDON

Nearly everyone has heard of the Hampden Park Roar, but not many football fans outside Scotland know which club plays at Hampden Park.

Most of them have the idea that Hampden Park is, like Wembley, a stadium for special matches only. It is, in fact, the home of Queen's Park, the celebrated Glasgow amateur club. There have been three Hampden Park grounds. The present one is at Mount Florida, and, despite that name, has a playing pitch 35 feet below street level.

It has been said that if Queen's Park is not the "mother" of the Scottish F.A., then it is surely the "godmother". Certainly, the famous club, over 80 years old, has always played a leading part in framing soccer laws and ensuring that Scottish football is well governed.

On July 9, 1867, the club was formed by a bunch of Glasgow youngsters who played football on Saturday afternoons in the city's Queen's Park. They fixed the annual subscription at sixpence and the signing-on fee at one shilling.

To begin with, there were no matches against other clubs. At that time, few clubs existed—and those that did could not afford to travel far. It is on record that an away match with Ayr was cancelled because the Queen's Park players felt the distance to be travelled—about 30 miles—was too great.

So in Queen's Park's early days, the members had to play among themselves. The President would pick a side to play a team selected by the Secretary. The Captain's eleven would challenge the President's Lightweight would take on the Heavyweights.

First Match

Queen's Park's first match against another club took place on May Day, 1868. The opponents were fellow-Glaswegians Partick Thistle, who were beaten 2-0. Queen's went on to enjoy a spectacular run of successes.

In 1872, when the first Scotland-England international was played at Partick, the Scottish team was composed entirely of Queen's Park players. The result was a goalless draw.

The first Hampden Park ground was opened on October 26, 1873. Not a goal was scored against Queen's Park there until two years later, when Vale of Leven achieved what was beginning to be thought impossible. IT WAS THE FIRST GOAL CONCEDED BY QUEEN'S PARK FOR SEVEN SEASONS!

The club's first defeat did not come until February 1876, when the famous Wanderers beat the Scotsmen in London.

In the first 20 years of the history of the Scottish Cup, the famous Glasgow Club won the trophy no fewer than 10 times. Twice, Queen's Park players won it three years running, and not a goal was scored against them in the first three finals.

In the early 1870's, most football teams consisted of seven attackers and four defenders. Of the seven forwards, two

played on the right flank and two on the left; the other three were tunched in the middle of the field.

Queen's Park players adopted a more even formation and bewildered their opponents with shrewd and accurate passes. Other teams which had hitherto relied on individual dribbling, were soon copying their line-up and technique.

Queen's Park was one of the original subscribers to the first English F.A. Cup, introduced in 1872. The Scots contributed a guinea towards the £20 trophy cost—although their income for the year was no more than £6.

Revolution

In the very first year of the competition, the Glaswegians reached the semi-final. They had to meet the fabulous Wanderers in London. Only a public subscription raised in Glasgow enabled the Queen's Park eleven to make the trip.

The Scottish style of play was a revelation to the London crowd, who saw a thrilling, goalless draw. Unfortunately, the Queen's Park men could not afford to play in the capital for a replay. So they had to retire from the competition. Wanderers went on to win the Cup.

In 1873, the Hampden Park team was exempt from all rounds up to the semi-finals, in which it should have met Oxford University. Because of the business engagements of some of the Scots, the game was never played. Again, the team the Glaswegians might

have beaten went on to win the trophy. Queen's Park did reach the final in 1884 and 1885, but lost both times to Blackburn Rovers.

It was the drawing of Queen's Park to play Partick Thistle in 1897 that led to Scottish clubs withdrawing from the English Cup.

An Argument

Since both clubs engaged were Scottish and the tie was to be played in Scotland, an argument developed as to whether the English F.A. or the Scottish F.A. should adjudicate if any dispute arose. At a meeting of the international board, it was decided that Scottish clubs should take part only in their own national Cup competitions.

Queen's Park has not had in the present century the outstanding success it enjoyed in the nineteenth, although the club has contributed many famous players, such as Alan Morton, to the game.

The Hampden Park team's last appearance in a Scottish Cup Final was in 1900, when it lost 4-3 to Celtic. The club entered the First Division of the Scottish League in 1901, but has never won the championship. It has, however, headed the Second Division twice—in 1923 and 1926.

Whatever fortune the future may hold for the men who wear the black and white strips of Queen's Park, one thing is certain: their club will always boast one of the most honoured names in association football.

Are Drobný's Days Over?

By DEREK JOHN

Is Jaroslav Drobný, 1954 Wimbledon champion, nearing the end of his career as a great singles player? Is the "Old Fox" too old at 36?

These are the questions English tennis fans are asking. For this month they saw him flicked at a minor tournament in 47 minutes by up-and-coming 22-year-old Tony Pickard, ranked No. 8 in Britain.

Drobný hopes to answer his critics by performing well in major tournaments this year. But Mrs Rita Drobný is ready to answer them now.

Says Rita: "My husband is not—repeat NOT—finished yet. Not by a long chalk."

"He was right off form against Pickard, but what about his good results on the Continent this spring? No one says anything about those."

"His tennis has suffered lately because he has had a lot of business to attend to."

My own view: Drobný is a much slower but still dangerous force in world tennis. And Tony Pickard deserves a higher ranking in Britain.—London Express.

THIS COULD BE THE YEAR WHEN YORKSHIRE NIP IN TO END SURREY'S REIGN

By NORMAN YARDLEY

(Former England and Yorkshire Captain)

While Jack Reid and his New Zealand side have settled down in some of the finest Spring cricket weather I can remember, the talk in Britain's cricket dressing rooms has centred on the 299 stand at Lord's on May 3 by Mike Smith and namesake Don Smith, for the MCC against Surrey.

In Yorkshire it had eyebrows tilting right up in the air. The questions being asked are: Is this the beginning of the end for Surrey's six-year domination of English county cricket, and is this where Yorkshire snap back into their old top-of-the-table form?

Just as one swallow does not make a summer, one early-season hammering of a county does not mean anything more than that the batsmen have got well on top and given the bowlers a hiding.

Just the same, I think the cracks which usually appear when any great side breaks up are beginning to show among the Surrey boys.

Big Alec Bedser, for instance, is laid low with a pneumonia bug that could keep him from first-out bowling for a number of weeks yet. After all, the Big Fella is coming up to 40 and you do not recover as smartly as you age as you did at 20.

In addition Tony Lock is just back in action after his winter operation for the Denis Compton type of damaged knee. No-one knows how completely he is cured; it is almost certain he will have to go easy for a while.

Naturally, like every other cricketer, I wish both these boys swift and complete return to full fitness.

But the point I am making is that right now these two great Surrey-winning batsmen are not on top line, and without them the champions were thrashed by a modest-looking MCC side to the tune of 401 for four wickets decimated.

Very Ordinary

Without them, Surrey were tame, and looked very ordinary indeed. If Peter Lander and Jim Laker are called for Test duty, what will they look like then? Surrey must still be rated the Number One county side in Britain. But I still say this could be the year when Yorkshire nip in to end Surrey's amazing sequence of triumphs.

I know that many people—including a lot of my friends overseas in Australia and New Zealand—will jump to the conclusion that it is probably a touch of Yorkshire prejudice. But I promise you it is not. Yorkshire today have potentially the best side in the competition. Freddie Trueman, who took six wickets, including a hat-trick, against the MCC on May 1, has never bowled better. And young David Pridmore, already as fast as Brian Statham, is now an invaluable opener with him.

As important as any of these things, Bob Appleyard is fit again and is bowling his fastest off-spinners as well as ever. That means he can be just about the most dangerous bowler in Britain. In support of these three players, there is Johnny Wardle and all-rounder Ray Ill-

ingworth, who did the double so convincingly last year.

It is bowlers who win matches and so that little company have the power to win quite a few. Especially as there is plenty of batting to give them support.

Many critics already suggest that young Brian Stott is ready for England duty—as opening batsman. I should prefer to see him with more experience. He is excellent material, but it would be a pity to rush him too early.

Then there are Ken Taylor, Frank Lowson, Brian Close and Vic Wilson—all experienced batsmen. True, Willie Watson may be missed. But a strong Yorkshire side is there.

All that is wanted is that something extra that turns a company of talented individuals into a great side.

Not Easy

I hope Ron Burnett, the new Yorkshire captain, can supply it. He has a man-sized job on his hands, because it is not easy to step into the shoes of a man like But Burnet is a man-sized character, and I still feel Yorkshire can do it.

I think Northants will be a good side again, but until they get more genuine pace in their attack, to help Frank Tyson's speed, I doubt that they can win top place. Spinners all need pace off the pitch—spinners like that grand little Australian George Tribe, who has done the double in each of his six seasons with Northants and that other Aussie left-hander, Jack Manning, from Adelaide, who took over 100 wickets last season.

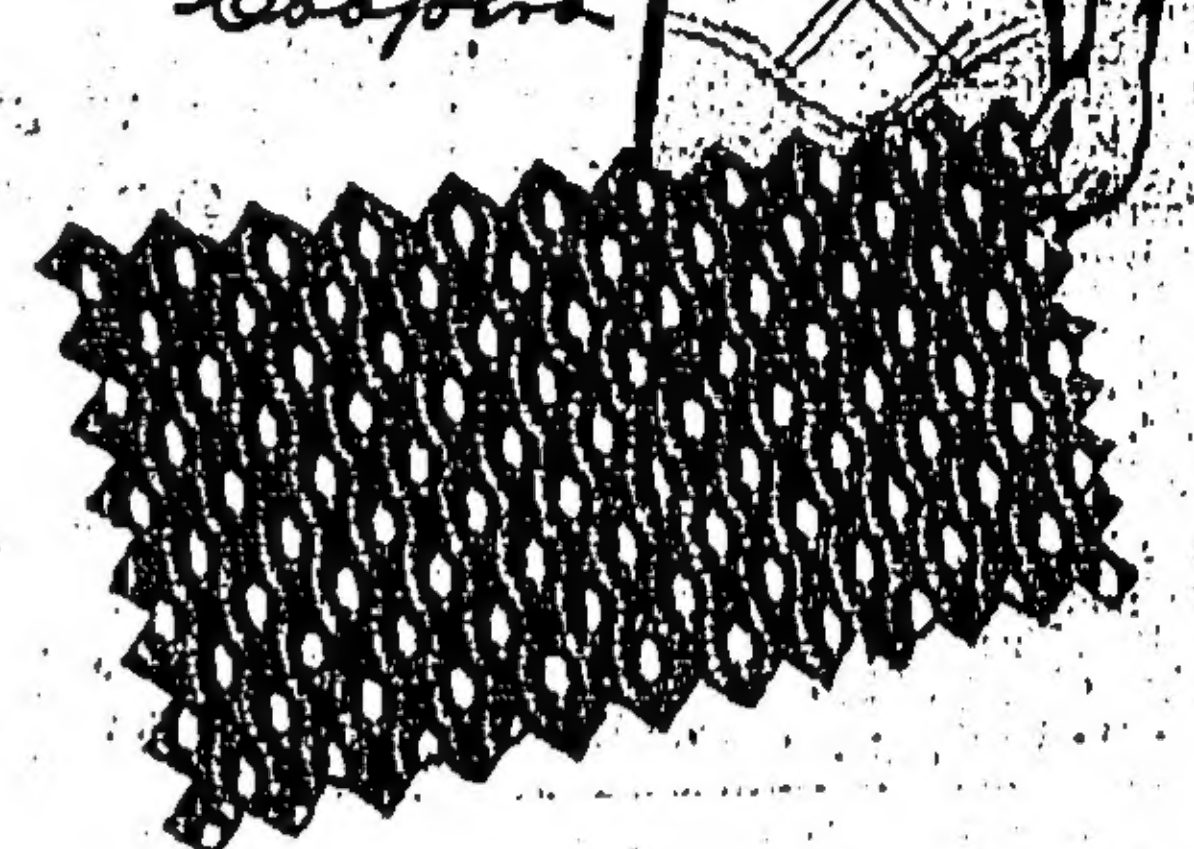
Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Joey Maxim.
2. Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan.
3. Dorothy Round; Mervyn Rose; Don Curry; Darlene Hard; Alice Marble.
4. West Indies.
5. a) Sid-ing b) Golf c) Hockey.
6. The Sixth British Empire Games.
7. All are horses which have won the Grand National.
8. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews.
9. Vic Seixas.
10. Cliff Morgan.

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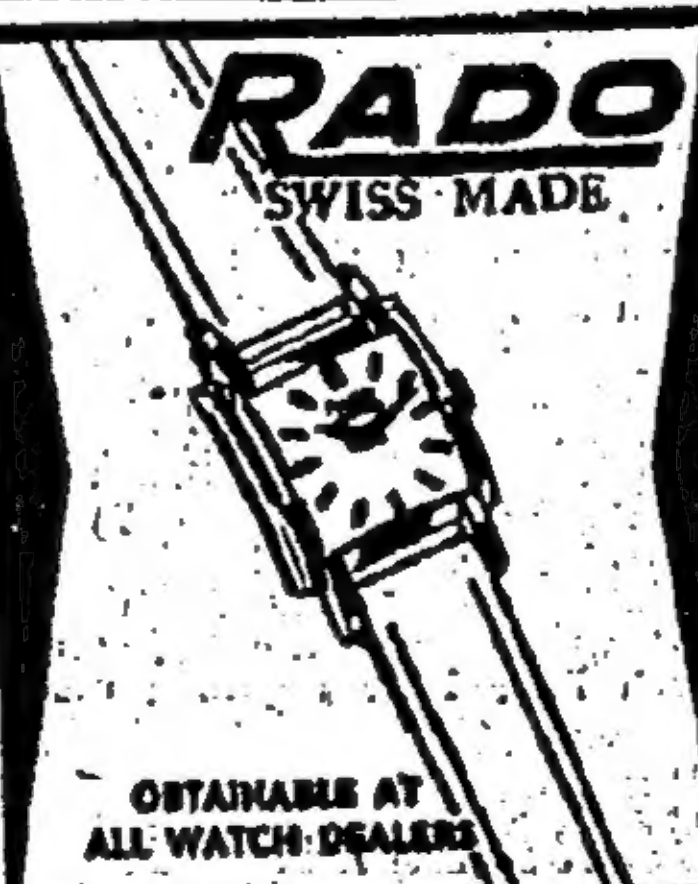
quick, refreshing lift!



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THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



GAS FOR JOY





FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Long Ago—Finding World's Oldest Village

FROM time to time scientists dig up a city or town that is older than anything discovered before.

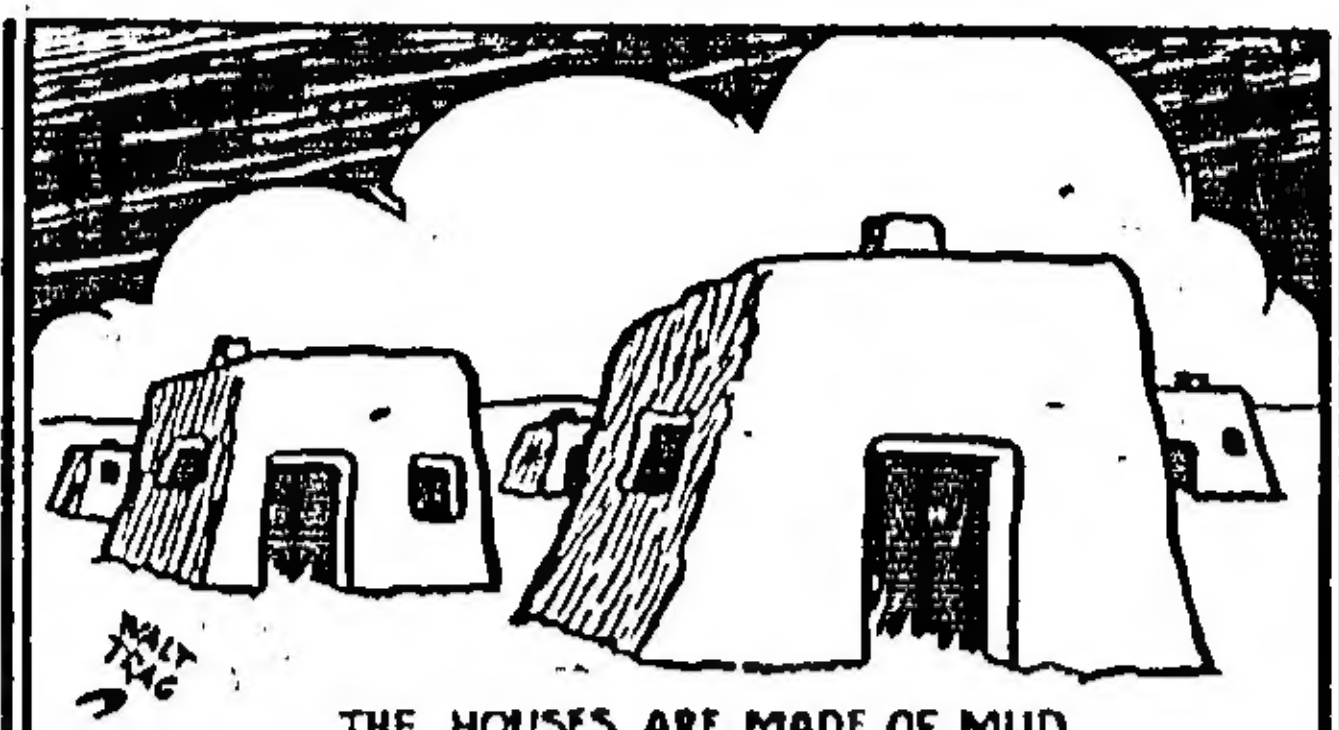
Shortly after World War II an expedition from the University of Chicago uncovered the village of Jarmo in northern Iraq. It was 7,000 years old.

This was the oldest settlement ever found where people were farmers rather than hunters or fishers.

Jarmo is about the size of a city block and about 300 to 400 people lived there.

The houses are of mud but most of them have three or four rooms. These include bedrooms, a storage room and kitchen. The livestock was kept in the kitchen.

No metal or cloth was found in the ruins but there were plenty of animal bones and vessels of pottery and stone.



THE HOUSES ARE MADE OF MUD WORLD'S OLDEST VILLAGE

The diggers also brought 125,000 flints back to the United States with them. Classifying these was the job of Mrs. Robert Braidwood, wife of the expedition's head.

Crops raised were wheat and barley. A mortar for grinding

the grain was a part of every household.

Mrs. Braidwood used one of these to grind the coarse sugar she used in her Christmas baking. In Iraq it was not possible to obtain the refined sugar that we have at home.

Mrs. Braidwood was probably the first person to use this mill stone since the villagers left it there almost 7,000 years ago.

Seven thousand years is a long time and it is only six years since the expedition finished digging on this spot. But, already, we have evidence that people were raising crops before that time.

Elsewhere in the world, say scientists, remains of cultivated plants have been found that are 8,000 years old.

So, you see, it will be a long time before we can be sure that we've discovered the oldest civilization built by man. There are still thousands of buried towns and villages of which we know nothing.

—R. S. CRAGGS

How It Happened—They'll Never Forget 'Pip'

IN the heart of the Berkshire hill country, in Massachusetts, there is a hotel where a dear little house cat has left a warm and tender memory.

The cat's name was "Pip."

He has been dead for over 25 years, yet the people of the Williams Inn at Williamstown still like to tell of the days when their house cat went out of his way to greet all the guests.

It didn't matter whether the visitor came from the town just over the mountain, or from the other side of the world, Pip's friendly greeting was always the same. He would come quietly into the lobby, walking noiselessly on his little silken toes. When he saw a stranger, he would try to make him feel at home by rubbing his head gently against his knee, and looking up at him in the kindest way.

Everyone who came to the old inn looked forward to seeing him again.



Many people remembered that Pip had been named for a very famous character in one of Charles Dickens' novels. The boy Pip was the hero of "Great Expectations," who lived in a humble home with a blacksmith named Joe Gargery.

Poor Joe Gargery had quite a hard time of it. His wife scolded him day and night, so his life was anything but cheerful. No wonder he grew very

fond of the young chap who boarded with him. He would always greet the lad with the words, "Ever the best of friends, aren't us, Pip?" This greeting brought a warm glow to the heart of the young hero of the story.

As the boy in the Dickens novel had been greeted in that pleasant fashion, so many people, loving Pip the cat in the Williams Inn, came to think of

him in the same way Joe did of Pip.

"Ever the best of friends, aren't us, Pip?" they'd say.

Pip made so many friends that it did not seem at all strange one day when a man came to paint the cat's portrait.

If Pip was flattered he did not show it. He tried to help William Fuller Curtis all he could. He sat on the windowsill, himself, between the potted plants and the artist went to work.

When Mr. Curtis was done, ever Pip must have been pleased with the result. The large picture, now framed, hangs in the lobby of the inn. From it the postcard in black-and-white, illustrated here, was made. Guests send these out far and wide in his memory.

Poor Pip! The time came at last when he was too old to get around. When he finally passed away on Oct. 15, 1930, he had reached the advanced age of 19 years. When a man becomes 100, he is no more celebrated than was Pip at 19, for his great age.

—PAUL V. D. HOYRADT

HANID AND PURR PURR

—It Was Useless To Try To Teach The Kitten—

By MAX TRELL

WHEN Hanid, the Shadow Girl, came into the room, she stopped suddenly, just inside the door.

"Oh dear!" she said. "Oh dear! Oh dear!"

There, in the middle of the room, was Purr Purr, the Black Kitten, all wound up in a ball of yarn.

It Took Time

It took Hanid quite a while to untangle the Kitten from all the yarn. Then it took an even longer while to get all the knots out of the yarn and to wind it neatly back on the ball.

When everything was done, Hanid sat Purr Purr on her lap.

and said to her in a very stern voice.

"Now listen to me carefully, Purr Purr. It isn't right for kittens—or for cats, either—to roll a ball of yarn around the room. Do you understand me?"

Hanid looked down at the Kitten and the Kitten looked up at the little girl. But Purr Purr said nothing.

"I do hope she understands me," Hanid said to herself.

Loud Voice

Then she went on in a loud voice:

"There are lots of things you can do, Purr Purr, that are much better than chasing a ball of yarn all over the floor."

"One of the things you can do is sit quietly in a corner and wash your face with your paw."

Have you washed your face yet this morning?

Didn't Say

Again, Hanid looked down at Purr Purr and Purr Purr looked up at Hanid. But Purr Purr didn't say whether she had washed her face or not.

Hanid went on:

"And after you wash your face, Purr Purr, you could quietly down the cellar steps and visit all the dark corners. You could look for Mice. Now wouldn't you like to do that?"

Hanid waited for Purr Purr to say something. But Purr Purr remained silent.

Hanid sighed.

"Of course," she said, "it would be wonderful, Purr Purr, if you could learn the alphabet. Because if you learned the alphabet, you would be able to read a book. Then you could sit right under the window and read stories every day. I'll tell you what I'll do, dear. I'll teach you the alphabet right now. Shall I?"

Purr Purr didn't answer.

"Or else," said Hanid, "I could teach you numbers. I'll teach you how to add and how to subtract and how to divide and how to multiply. My, what a wonderful Cat you would grow up to be!"

Purr Purr still didn't say anything.

"She Doesn't Like Them

"I don't think she likes any of those things," Hanid murmured to herself. "I wish I could think of something that



Purr Purr had two needles and a ball of yarn.

would really please her and keep her out of mischief at the same time. Oh, I know!"

Hanid lifted Purr Purr up and looked straight into her big green eyes.

"I've just thought of something that I'm sure you'll like," Hanid said. "I'm going to teach you how to knit. Wouldn't you like that, my dear?"

Without waiting for Purr Purr to answer, Hanid put her on the floor and gave her the ball of yarn and two knitting needles.

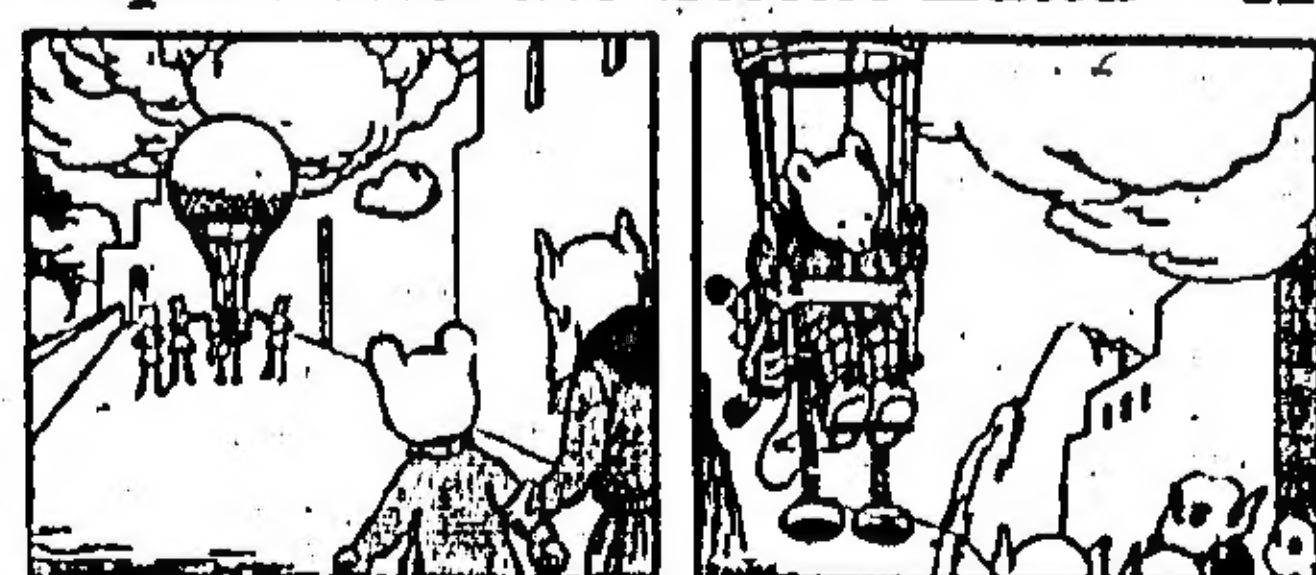
She showed Purr Purr how to use the needles. Then Hanid went to dinner.

Did Purr Purr learn how to knit?

When Hanid looked into the room an hour later, she stopped in consternation. There was Purr Purr, all tangled up in the ball of yarn even worse than before. And with the two knitting needles sticking out like quills on a porcupine!

Hanid shook her head. There just wasn't any use trying to teach Purr Purr anything useful!

Rupert and the Silent Land—41



The other little creatures seem to understand the orders of their leader without a word being spoken and they run outside. A minute later Rupert is led out to find that the Professor's balloon has been taken from the cloud-ship and is being held on the terrace

"My, it's lucky that the controls are not set off for it to go up," he thinks. We should have lost it for ever!" Then he realizes from their signs that the others want to be shown how it works, so he fastens himself in and makes it rise gently above their astonished faces.

Short Story—

THE BIG SWITCH IN NAMES

"THE others are down-

stairs in the recreation room," Mrs. Burt told Beatrice. "A name meeting of some kind, isn't it?"

"Yes," Beatrice answered hurriedly as she dashed down the stairs to join her six classmates. Her fingers grasped the library book she was carrying. "I hope this book helps me keep my friends," she thought.

"Hello!" Arnold greeted her. He was the only one standing. "We were about to start."

As Beatrice took her place with the others, sitting cross-legged on the floor, Arnold went on: "We seven were the ones in English class who said we didn't like our names. We've called the meeting today to change them... officially."

Beatrice wished now she hadn't said she wanted to change her name. Why hadn't she known sooner what a beautiful name "Beatrice" was.

ARNOLD WAS saying: "As I call your given name tell what you would rather be called and from now on we'll call each other by names we really like."

"Yes!" everyone nodded, except Beatrice. She squirmed uncomfortably. Would they make fun of her when she told them she had changed her mind, or would they get mad at her?

"Donald, you're first," Arnold said. "Call me Spike," replied Donald. "What's your choice, Stella?" Arnold asked next.

"I think Chiquita is a beautiful name," Stella said. "And you, Bernard? What new name would you like?" Bernard squared his football shoulders as he announced: "Punt."

"What's the big idea?" Sara asked haughtily.

THEN HE ADDED, as he looked around the semi-circle. "Oh, excuse me Beatrice. I didn't mean to leave you out. What do you want to be called?"

"Beatrice," she said quietly. "What?" Arnold exclaimed looking at her as if she had betrayed a sacred trust.

"What's the big idea?" Sara asked haughtily.

Beatrice began what she hoped would be a satisfactory explanation: "I've been reading up on names and I think most people don't really appreciate their names. When you find out what a name means you like it better."

"Oh ya!" Bernard snorted. "Give one instance. West does Bernard mean?"

BEATRICE STOOD UP and opened the library book. "It's all in here. I'll tell you all about your names."

"All right," Arnold agreed, but she could see he wasn't much in favour of listening to what he thought was going to be a lot of dull reading.

—EVELYN WITTER



Beatrice began—"I think most people don't really appreciate their names."

"Alma?"

"Babe is cute," said Alma.

"Sara?"

"I've always wished I had been called something like, Fin."

"As for me," Arnold smiled, "Dexter sounds good to me."

BEATRICE STOOD UP and opened the library book. "It's all in here. I'll tell you all about your names."

"All right," Arnold agreed, but she could see he wasn't much in favour of listening to what he thought was going to be a lot of dull reading.

—EVELYN WITTER

Our World— Valley's Weird Sights

If you want to see strange

sights, both man and nature made, you will find them in Death Valley.

This weird, colourful place is a national monument in eastern California and Nevada.

It was part of an inland sea millions of years ago. Then, one day, Mother Nature shook the earth with a jolt that left it heifer skelter.

A scorching sun gradually dried up the water and such mineral deposits as borax, copper, gold, silver, kysium and salt were formed.

Today the floor of this huge valley covers 550 square miles. Much of it is salt flats and peculiarly shaped sand dunes. The mercury rises to 137 degrees F. or more in the summer and two inches of rainfall a year is considered "normal."

Do you wonder now how the valley got its name?

In 1849 the first white men entered Death Valley. They were trying to discover a short cut to the gold fields of California and became lost.

Needless to say they endured untold suffering. However, it was not the blistering heat, as most people think, but the lack of food and water that brought disaster to them.

Upon leaving the valley, those who survived decided to give it the appropriate name it bears today.

It is truly a unique place. If you were to climb 6,000 feet to a point named Dante's View, you could see a spot called Badwater which is 280 feet below sea level, the lowest in the



United States. Strangely enough at the same time your eyes would scan the highest peaks in the country as Bod-water is less than 80 miles (as the crow flies) from Mt. Whitney which towers nearly 15,000 feet in all its grandeur.

There are footprints and fossils of prehistoric animals and birds. Carvings on rocks which have been unearthed reveal the works of ancient people now extinct.

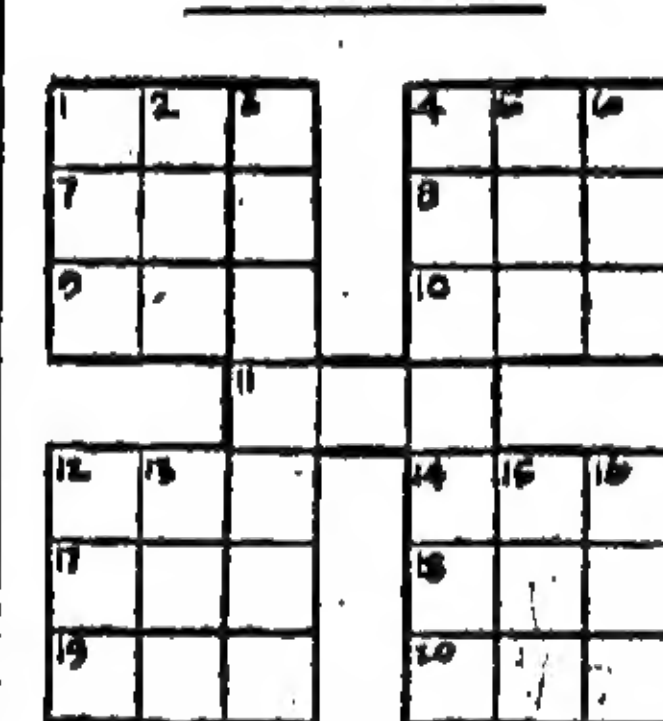
Ghost mining camps are within easy range. One of the best known is the site of the old Pacific Coast Borax Company at a place called Ryan which is several thousand feet high. Here the 20-mule teams pulled their loads.

To cap the climax, the crater of an extinct volcano in the northern part of Death Valley would make you gasp as you looked into it.

—CAROLYN M. CRANE

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- Male
- Youth
- Bustle
- Fruit drink
- Light touch
- Used by fishermen
- Shelter place
- Also
- Consume
- Girl's name
- Grande River
- Residence (ab.)
- Crafty

DOWN

- Read
- Another girl
- Idea
- Flags
- Poem
- Still
- Old sailor
- First number
- Be
- Plaything

BEHEADINGS

Behend "close" and have "part of your head"; behend this and have an abbreviation for "Army Reserve."

Behend "to repair" and have "Amish"; behend this and have an abbreviation for "North Dakota."

MISSING VOWELS

These are all worn on the head somewhere in the world, but Puzzle Pete left out the vowels. Can you complete the words?

CH - P - - -
T - M - - -
B - N - - -
H - L - M - -
S - K - - -
C - L - S - H

WORD TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete has based his word triangle on a hospital INTERNE. The second word is an abbreviation for "registered nurse"; third "to harden, as cement"; fourth "ceremony"; fifth "an Oriental gutter"; and sixth "to keep." Can you complete the triangle?

INTERNE

(Solutions on Page 19)

HOW CARROT TO STRING

1. CUT OFF A 1 1/2 INCH PIECE FROM BOTTOM OF A LARGE FAT CARROT.

2. SCOOPE OUT THE INSIDE OF THE BOTTOM PART WITH AN APPLE CORER.

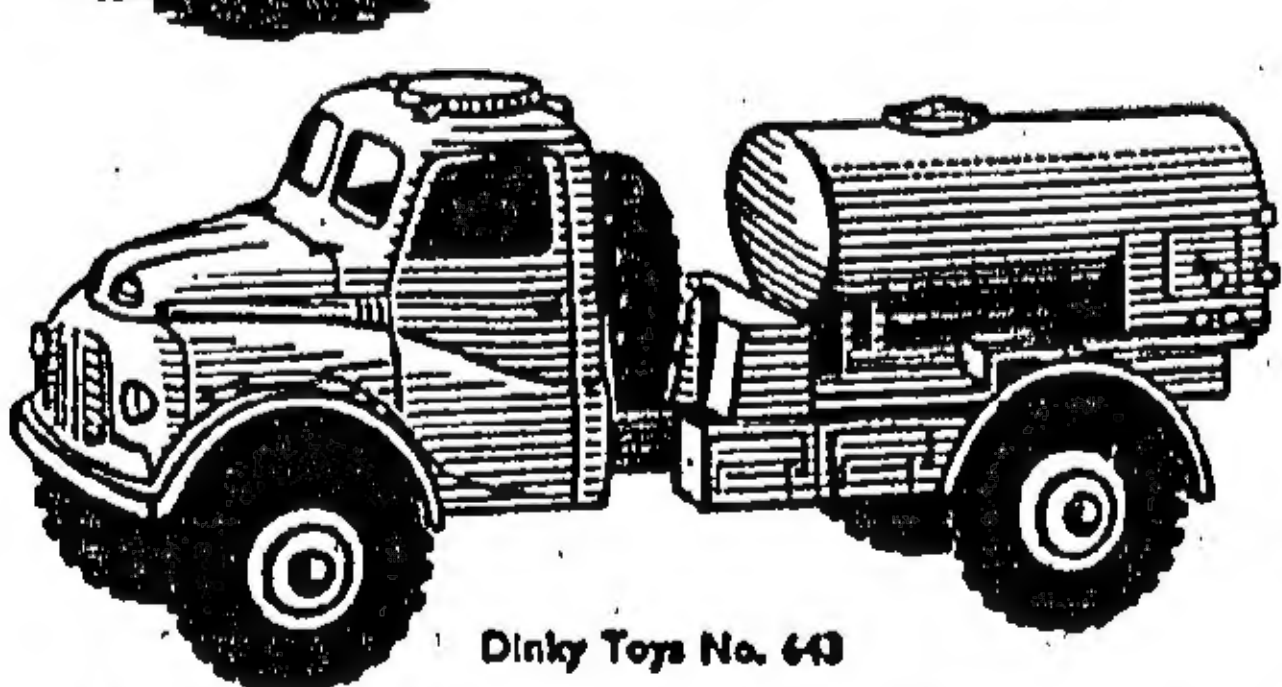
PUSH A MEAT STICK THROUGH THE SIDES ABOUT 1 IN. FROM TOP.

TIE A STRONG CORD TO EACH END OF STICK AND HANG IT FROM A WINDOW LATCH.

FIX 2 MORE CARROTS THE SAME WAY AND HANG ONE UNDER THE OTHER.

FILL THE CARROTS WITH WATER AND THEY WILL GROW.

New this month!



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Keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS

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YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MAY 24

BORN today, you have high ambitions, the energy to pursue them and the ability to become an outstanding success. The stars have been kind in giving you talents well beyond the average. Literature, music and the arts are fields in which you will be happiest and in which your talents show up best. You are willing to work hard for everything you get, but you expect that you will be adequately rewarded for those efforts. You are not the type to starve for your art. If it doesn't pay, you'll find something that does and reserve your cultural interests as a hobby.

You are high-spirited and want your own way. You usually get it, too. There is one thing you must watch. You have a high temper, and under stress you are apt to say or do exactly the wrong thing. You are clever enough to patch things up later. But you will save a lot of time and energy by counting to 10 before you answer in the first place.

You have a magnetic personality which draws people to you and you are well-adjusted socially. You make friends wherever you go. You have an amusing wit and are a fine conversationalist. You can give out with the light chatter or converse on a high intellectual level. You temper your conversation to the company in which you find yourself. You men would make convincing defence attorneys but you would have to believe in the person you are defending. By nature, you are something of a sceptic. But once convinced, you stay of the same opinion no matter how great the pressures on you to change your mind.

Among those born on this date were: Richard Mansfield, actor; Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, dramatist; Dr Henry Emerson Fordick, clergyman and author; Queen Victoria of England; James Oppenheim, poet; Stephen Girard, merchant and philanthropist, and George Barnard, sculptor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MAY 25

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If you had to take home a dispatch case full of work this week-end, you may have to catch up today!

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The stars say that you may take time out to relax tensions today. Keep an eye out for a spring romance, too.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—After your morning devotions, don't contemplate your life by some social obligation which can tactfully be postponed.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Seek inspiration and then follow the star. Make important plans which will influence your future.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can be your best Sunday this month. Accomplish something which has an important bearing on your future.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Business matters may intrude upon your Sunday. But they are affairs which need immediate attention, so attend to them!

BORN today, you have strong psychic reactions and your emotions are to be in a continual turmoil. This does not make for an easy life, even if it is an interesting one. Your major interests are in the cultural and intellectual. You have vaulting ambitions to become an outstanding personality. On the other hand, you are rather shy and retiring among people whom you do not know and may find this a handicap in pursuing your objectives. Force yourself to get out and meet new people. You can become moribund if you persist in staying in one small circle of acquaintances. Contacts with all kinds of humanity will do you a world of good.

Since you have a sensitive and an affectionate nature, you need love and devotion. Yet you are sometimes too timid to show your feelings and might miss out in winning the one real love of your life because you were waiting for the other person to make the first move. You women will never be content until you have your own home and family. It is within this domestic group that you will find your truest contentment and happiness. You women will be willing to sacrifice any personal career for these you love. Actually, this is not necessary, for many women under your sign find it possible to carry on the two interests successfully.

Although you enjoy the beauties of nature, you are also eager to be in the midst of bustling urban life. The best solution, perhaps, is for you to work in the city and live in the country—a suburb if you are not your own boss and can't live in the country—going to town when the mood for greater activity and excitement moves you.

Among those born on this date were: Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist and poet; John R. Mott, YMCA leader; Mischa Levitski, pianist; Gene Tunney, boxing champion; and Czar Nicholas I of Russia.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MAY 26

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You must be eminently practical today. Face issues frankly and solve them with good common sense.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Finish a job which you already have begun. Procrastination is no longer the answer. Get to work!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You can afford to take a calculated risk and make a handsome profit on an exchange of property. Good business day!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Your biggest day this month. Make your personality count for something important. Ask for—and get—what you want.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Stick closely to routine and don't experiment with something new. Accept the status quo for now.

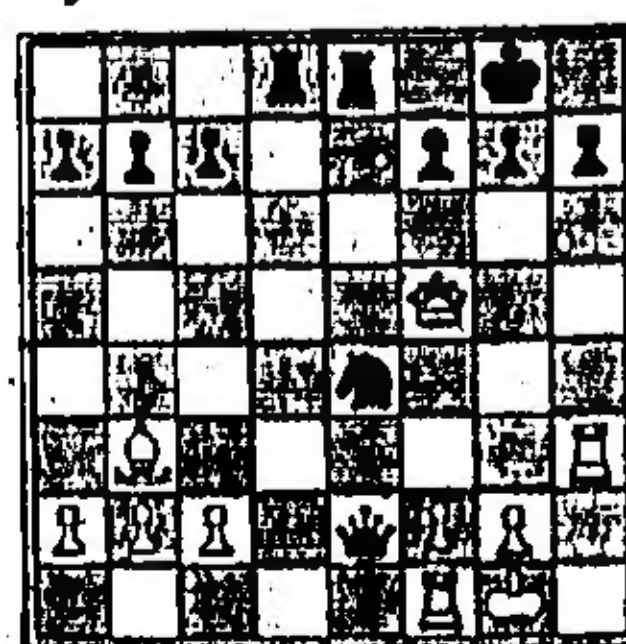
SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Business comes first today. Then, if there is any time left, you might pay a social call.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Catch up on work which may have been postponed the other day. Now is the time to get things up-to-date.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You could have some in-law trouble, but if you are tactful, all difficulties should evaporate before sundown.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Joint finances may come up for attention on the home front. Business partnerships also need attention.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be diplomatic in your dealings with others. If you try, you

CHESS
By LEONARD BARDEN

Here is a position from actual play. Black to move and win. Solution No. 5494: 1. Bxg7 (threats 2. Bxg7 or 2. Bxh7 or 2. Bxh8 or 2. Bxh9 or 2. Bxh10 or 2. Bxh11 or 2. Bxh12 or 2. Bxh13 or 2. Bxh14 or 2. Bxh15 or 2. Bxh16 or 2. Bxh17 or 2. Bxh18 or 2. Bxh19 or 2. Bxh20 or 2. Bxh21 or 2. Bxh22 or 2. Bxh23 or 2. Bxh24 or 2. Bxh25 or 2. Bxh26 or 2. Bxh27 or 2. Bxh28 or 2. Bxh29 or 2. Bxh30 or 2. Bxh31 or 2. Bxh32 or 2. Bxh33 or 2. Bxh34 or 2. Bxh35 or 2. Bxh36 or 2. Bxh37 or 2. Bxh38 or 2. Bxh39 or 2. Bxh40 or 2. Bxh41 or 2. Bxh42 or 2. Bxh43 or 2. Bxh44 or 2. Bxh45 or 2. Bxh46 or 2. Bxh47 or 2. Bxh48 or 2. Bxh49 or 2. Bxh50 or 2. Bxh51 or 2. Bxh52 or 2. Bxh53 or 2. Bxh54 or 2. Bxh55 or 2. Bxh56 or 2. Bxh57 or 2. Bxh58 or 2. Bxh59 or 2. Bxh60 or 2. Bxh61 or 2. Bxh62 or 2. Bxh63 or 2. Bxh64 or 2. Bxh65 or 2. Bxh66 or 2. Bxh67 or 2. Bxh68 or 2. Bxh69 or 2. Bxh70 or 2. Bxh71 or 2. Bxh72 or 2. Bxh73 or 2. Bxh74 or 2. Bxh75 or 2. Bxh76 or 2. Bxh77 or 2. Bxh78 or 2. Bxh79 or 2. Bxh80 or 2. 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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1958.

SHEAFFER'S
"SNORKEL" PEN
ADMIRAL

MASS KILLER GETS DEATH

Starkweather Found Guilty On Two Counts

Lincoln, May 23.
Mass killer Charles Starkweather was found guilty of murder today and ordered to be sent to the electric chair.

The verdict of guilty was announced to newsmen by a court attaché at Lancaster County District Courthouse as the jury foreman simultaneously read the decision in the crowded courtroom.

Deputy Attorney-General Jack Wenstrand said the jury had convicted the 19-year-old red-headed slayer "on both counts," and the "sentence is death."

Although Starkweather had admitted complicity in 11 slayings in Nebraska and Wyoming in January, he was tried only for the murder on Jan. 27 of Robert Jensen, 17-year-old Bennet, Nebraska high school student.

Head Cocked

As the verdict was read by jury foreman Alvin Christensen, Starkweather remained seated at the defence counsel's table, tapping his feet on the floor, his head cocked toward the foreman.

The two counts of murder against Starkweather accused him of first-degree murder and murder in the commission of a robbery. Conviction came on both counts.

Under Nebraska law, the death sentence is subject to an automatic review by the Nebraska Supreme Court, so it was possible that Starkweather might not be executed before he can be summoned to testify at the still pending murder trial of his 14-year-old sweetheart and companion on his murder rampage, Carl Fugate—United Press.

Princess In Scotland

Perth, May 23.
Princess Margaret arrived at Perth by train from London today to spend Whitson with the Queen Mother at Birkhall on the Royal estate at Balmoral. The Princess left the coach in company with her cousin, Lord Elphinstone, who had made the trip with her, and they drove off in his car.

It was understood that the Princess was lunching at Drumlitho House, Lord Elphinstone's home, before continuing her road journey to Birkhall—Reuter.



The Management are pleased to announce the opening of their new restaurant "MARCO POLO" on Saturday, 31st May 1958 at 8 p.m.

From Sunday, 1st June 1958 luncheons and dinners will be served.

The restaurant is situated in the Peninsula Court with entrance from Middle Road.

As space is limited, patrons are advised to book their tables early. Telephone No. 67211—ask for Marco Polo Restaurant.

The Hongkong & Shanghai Hotels, Ltd.

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SANG THE RED FLAG SO SHE JOINED IN

London, May 23.
The deputy mayor of St. Pancras, London, councillor Hilda Lane, said in court today that when someone started singing The Red Flag outside the Borough town hall "I naturally joined in."

She added: "I was a most amazed and astonished woman when I was taken over to the police van."

Mrs Lane and four other people appeared in court charged with obstructing the police during clashes between rival factions following the flying of the red flag on the town hall on May Day.

FINED

Mrs Lane and two other women were fined £1 each and two other men were fined £2 and £3 respectively. All pleaded not guilty.

Police arrested 10 people, including four Borough councillors, during incidents outside the hall. Most of them have already been fined.

Councillor John Lawrence, local Labour leader, who was among those arrested, was this week suspended from membership of the Labour Party. The local branch was suspended and ordered to be reorganised by the party executive. — China Mail Special.

FINAL POLISH FOR SINGAPORE CONSTITUTION

London, May 23.
A final verbal polishing is being given this week-end to the constitution which will give full internal self-government to Singapore almost exactly 140 years after the founding of the present settlement.

British Colonial Office officials and legal experts are preparing the draft which will be shown to the all-party delegation from the Crown Colony before the final meeting on Tuesday morning of the talks which opened here on May 12.

The negotiations, which have included a clause by clause examination of a draft constitution based on an agreement reached at Anglo-Singapore talks here last year, have already been successfully concluded and Tuesday's meeting is merely to give final approval to the revised draft.

Approval

After this approval is given a State of Singapore bill will be introduced into the British Parliament. The new state is expected to come into being between this autumn and the end of March 1959 when the present Legislative Assembly's term ends.

The new constitution will mean the election of a legislative assembly of 51 members and who shall not be eligible for election to this has been the main point of controversy at this month's talks.

Communist subversion in Singapore has caused unrest since the war among some of the islands population, which is predominantly Chinese. There

have been riots and strikes and known organisers have been arrested or deported.

The British Government has insisted that "known subversives" shall not be eligible for election to the first legislative assembly and wanted this to be written into the new constitution.

All parties in Singapore rejected such a clause and the present all-party delegation has maintained this objection. Britain has therefore agreed to leave it out of the Order-in-Council containing the constitution. But the British Government still insists that such a clause is a pre-condition to internal self-government and will now have to find a formula to implement it without putting it in the constitution.—Reuter.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11.30 "The Men of Peace"; 12 noon "The Men of Peace"; 12.30 "The Men of Peace"; 1.30 "The Men of Peace"; 2.30 "The Men of Peace"; 3.30 "The Men of Peace"; 4.30 "The Men of Peace"; 5.30 "The Men of Peace"; 6.30 "The Men of Peace"; 7.30 "The Men of Peace"; 8.30 "The Men of Peace"; 9.30 "The Men of Peace"; 10.30 "The Men of Peace"; 11.30 "The Men of Peace"; 12.30 "The Men of Peace"; 1.30 "The Men of Peace"; 2.30 "The Men of Peace"; 3.30 "The Men of Peace"; 4.30 "The Men of Peace"; 5.30 "The Men of Peace"; 6.30 "The Men of Peace"; 7.30 "The Men of Peace"; 8.30 "The Men of Peace"; 9.30 "The Men of Peace"; 10.30 "The Men of Peace"; 11.30 "The Men of Peace"; 12.30 "The Men of Peace"; 1.30 "The Men of Peace"; 2.30 "The Men of Peace"; 3.30 "The Men of Peace"; 4.30 "The Men of Peace"; 5.30 "The Men of Peace"; 6.30 "The Men of Peace"; 7.30 "The Men of Peace"; 8.30 "The Men of Peace"; 9.30 "The Men of Peace"; 10.30 "The Men of Peace"; 11.30 "The Men of Peace"; 12.30 "The Men of Peace"; 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